No. 202 (New Series), Vol. 4. February 1, 1936

The PASSING SHOW 2D.

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by Marjorie BOWEN

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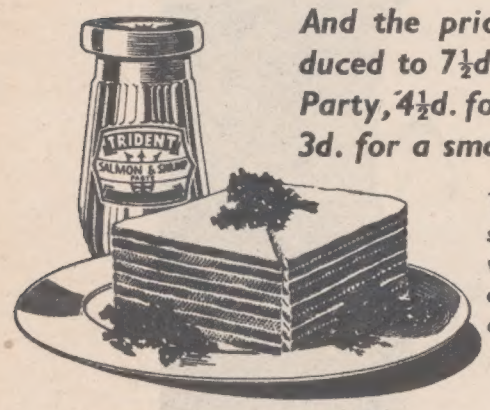

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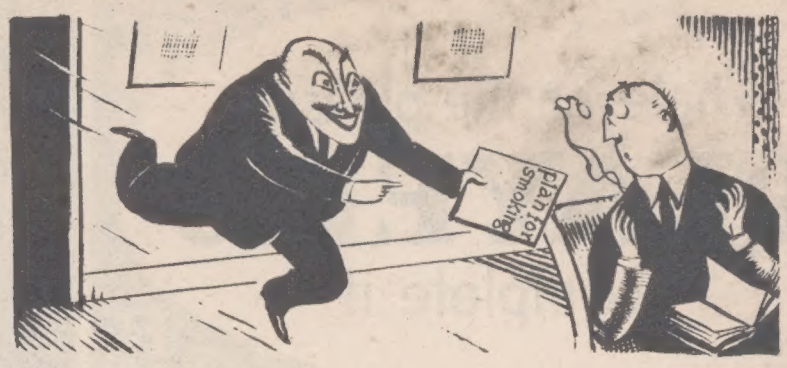

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The WORST WOMAN in Europe

Madame de Brinvilliers under arrest in Paris—a picture published in London in 1845.

Above : The last minutes of the beautiful poisoner—in the tumbril on the way to execution. *Left :* Madame de Brinvilliers gives poison to a relative, in the guise of a "night-cap" drink.

Beginning *Unlike Other Ladies*

Madame de Brinvilliers was the daughter of Monsieur Dreux d'Aubray, Lieutenant-Civil of Paris. In 1651 she married the Marquis de Brinvilliers. She was a very beautiful woman.

She was accused, together with one of her lovers, Godin de Ste. Croix, and Exili, the professional poisoner, of murdering her father, her sister and two brothers. She also committed several other atrocious murders "for practice" when she took up a position of nurse in one of the Paris hospitals in order to experiment and try on the patients the effect of the various poisons she concocted—probably they were from arsenic or prussic acid (cyanide of potassium).

Ste. Croix and Exili supplied her with these various ingredients. The object of murdering the members of her family was to come into an estate. She made a full confession of all these crimes, but was condemned to death, and after a most complete penitence was beheaded at the Place de Notre-Dame de Paris.

by MARJORIE BOWEN

THE *Abbé* Clermont had come with the best of credentials to the modest convent, but the good Sisters wished that he would cut short his visit, for really he was becoming much too friendly with their very attractive boarder, Madame de Lisle—he spent nearly every afternoon in her private parlour, that is, when he was not taking her for long walks beyond the city.

"Of course," said charitable Sœur Angelique, "there is nothing that you could call the least indecorous, they are both perfectly well-behaved."

She broke salad absently into a blue china bowl while she gazed out of the kitchen window where the *Abbé* and Madame de Lisle were strolling side by side between the neat borders of African pinks and clipped box. Sœur Claire peered over her shoulder.

"She is studying botany, you know," said the nun timidly. "She showed me a book of drawings she has—the *Abbé* is helping her with the Latin names. I think he is a holy man, he is a most punctual attendant at the Chapel."

"He is also young and extremely good-looking," replied Sœur Angelique tartly. "And Madame is remarkably pretty! I wonder that she did not marry again, instead of retiring to a dull place like Liège!"

"The Mother Superior said that we were not to talk of it," remarked Sœur Claire gently. "She told us, you know, that Madame de Lisle was quite broken by the loss of her husband, and other misfortunes, and that she had come here for quiet and peace."

"Well," said Sœur Angelique ingenuously, "she certainly gives no trouble. But isn't it odd that we should have two such visitors at once!"

"It is just as well, for we need the money—the Reverend Mother says that now we shall be able to have a new window in the Chapel."

But though they thus lightly and kindly dismissed the matter of their lovely, rather mysterious boarder and the charming *Abbé*, they continued to peer curiously through the diamond panes of the casement at the quiet pair walking so demurely in the modest convent garden filled with the sweet, fragrant flowers the nuns so carefully tended.

Madame de Lisle, a Frenchwoman, as her beautiful accent showed the Flemings, was about thirty-five years of age, exceedingly graceful, slight, and less than the average height; her prim suit of heavy mourning, her widow's bands, hood and veil obscured many of her attractions, but even this severe and dismal attire could not hide the beauty of her piquant face with large bright blue eyes, the delicately turned features, the exquisite mouth and brilliant complexion; her manner was very vivacious, she was courteous to the nuns, and, like the *Abbé*, constant in her attendance at the services in the convent chapel.

Since she had been with the good Sisters—a matter of some months—her life had been all that which that of a widow's life in retreat after the death of a beloved husband should be; she had received no visitor, her maid had been hired from the city of Liège, and she had, every month, punctually paid her dues.

Why then did the nuns, pausing in their preparation of salad and apple jelly, gaze with a silent uneasiness at the dainty figure of the pretty widow? Why did the gardener, setting out his herbs by the sundial, glance over his shoulder at the lady as she passed and stare after her with a puzzled look? There was, in truth, something peculiar about this well-behaved lady that filled those who saw her with doubt and even an indefinable fear.

Yet how softly she sighed as she tripped beside the *Abbé*, how gently she gazed up at him out of those melting azure eyes!

The priest was, in his way, as strange as the widow; his age did not appear to be more than twenty-eight, his build was athletic, his brown cheek, clear eye and upright carriage spoke of an outdoor life, and his voice was more that of one used to utter words of command than to drone sermons or intone prayers; correctly dressed in modest black, he had yet the air of one accustomed to a sword, and his cap seemed to suit ill with his long locks of glossy black hair.

Such as he was, he was singularly handsome, and the lady glanced at him with an admiration she took small pains to hide, and when at length the bell clanged out mid-day, she turned to him with a pretty reluctance to lose his company.

(*Continued overleaf*)

Continuing The WORST WOMAN *in* Europe

"Traitor and scoundrel!" she screamed. "You are no priest!"

"Pray, *Abbé*, come to my parlour this afternoon and see my new drawings of ferns and grasses—unless," she added with a coquettish smile, "you are too occupied by your learned or holy meditations!"

The young priest kept her small hand in his own as he looked deeply into her eyes, smiling the while in a way that caused her cheek to flush with pleasure.

"Shall we not leave the convent this afternoon? See what a beautiful day it is! We might find that rare fern I told you of—along the road to France."

"You know, *Abbé*," replied Madame de Lisle, "that I dislike even to think of France—where my poor husband died. Let us take a stroll this afternoon by all means, but not towards the frontier."

"As you please," smiled the graceful *Abbé*, bowing, "but I am sorry you have this aversion—there is a charming glade I should like to show you."

The lady laughed, shook her head and hastened to the quiet apartments which she hired from the nuns; there was nothing in these rooms to indicate her former mode of life; she had left, she had explained, all her worldly possessions behind in her Paris house and had brought with her only a few mourning clothes. But near the plain bed hung with rough curtains was a hair-trunk that Madame de Lisle always kept locked; it contained, she declared, only a few relics of her husband's.

Now she looked at this thoughtfully, hesitated a moment, then took a key from her bosom and opened the trunk, which was full of fine lace, rolls of silk, scarves and caskets of jewellery.

"How handsome he is!" she whispered. "Why did I never meet a man like that before? How insipid the others appear in comparison to him! What a pity that he should only see me in this hideous suit of mourning!"

She clapped the trunk to as her maid brought in her *déjeuner*, but as soon as she was alone again she locked the door, and taking some weapons from her feminine armoury, she had soon altered her appearance—a lace tucker in her corsage, a cambric cap instead of the widow's bonnet, some blue studs in her ears, a string of pearls at her throat. "I don't care what those imbecile nuns think, I *will* let him know what a pretty woman I am."

A tap on the door startled her; for a second a look of panic swept across her face, then she laughed at her folly and unlocked the door; it was her little Flemish maid.

"M. *L'abbé* sent me with the Paris *Gazette*, Madame—there is some news that he thought you would like to read. They think," the girl's face was rosy with excitement, "they have found Madame de Brinvilliers who has been in hiding for months!"

"Madame de Brinvilliers!"

"Yes, you know, Madame, she poisoned her father, her sister and two brothers! The police have been looking for her everywhere since she fled from Paris."

"And so they've found her," said Madame de Lisle quietly, taking the paper. "Don't stare so at me, child—I must put off some of this mourning now and then—and the day is so stiflingly hot!"

"I was not, Madame," faltered the maid, backing away from the door. "You—you looked so pale, as if you were ill."

"I am perfectly well," replied the lady, closing the door, but she turned at once to the mirror that hung above the toilet table; she was certainly of a peculiar pallor, and a deep, nervous frown knit her brows. "You fool!" she cried, addressing her own image, "have you no more control than that?"

She turned to the window and in the strong light of the pure sunshine that flowed into the room read the passage in the *Gazette de France* that the *Abbé* had marked with a red pencil.

This described how Madame de Brinvilliers had been discovered, in the disguise of a poor sempstress, hiding in a village in the Bourbonnais.

This woman had been wanted by the police since the death of Ste. Croix, a Gascon officer who had implicated her in a charge of quadruple murder. Ste. Croix had a laboratory in his house and had been found dead there by his servant; he had been distilling volatile poisons, and the glass mask he wore slipping from his face, had been stifled by the deadly fumes.

Under these suspicious circumstances, and in consideration of Ste. Croix's bad record, the police seized the dead man's papers; these largely consisted of letters from the Marquise de Brinvilliers, which proved that Ste. Croix had been her accomplice in a series of appalling murders.

On the death of her lover, Madame de Brinvilliers had fled from her husband's house in Paris and no trace of her had been discovered; now, according to the paragraph that Madame de Lisle, with a very peculiar smile, read in her pleasant bedchamber, she had been discovered, and though vehemently denying her identity, had been brought to Paris for examination and trial.

When she appeared on the convent steps ready for her walk with the courteous *Abbé* she was serene and smiling, and certainly the pearls, the blue studs, the loosening of her fair hair, the removal of her widow's cap had done much to improve her charms; the *Abbé* appeared in good spirits, he had with him the box in which the botanical specimens were to be placed and gallantly offered the lady his arm.

"Why did you send me that *Gazette, Abbé*?" she asked, with a sidelong glance. "It is such a horrid affair that one does not like to be reminded of it!"

"Yes, but it is also very remarkable," replied the *Abbé* smoothly, "and you know that we were talking of it the other evening—even the good nuns were interested. This Madame de Brinvilliers must be a most extraordinary woman."

"I suppose," remarked the lady, pausing to lift her skirts out of the way of the pinks and lavender, "she lacked good advice."

The priest raised his fine brows.

"Lacked good advice! Why, she poisoned two brothers, a sister and a father—merely for the sake of coming at some property."

"So the police said—perhaps it is not true."

"The letters found in the possession of Ste. Croix leave no doubt as to that, I think. Only imagine, my dear Madame, this fiend used to go to the hospitals and under pretext of nursing the sick poor, practise the effects of poison on the patients!"

"You seem to know a good deal about it," replied Madame de Lisle, and her gloved fingers tightened on the *Abbé's* arm.

"Why, the whole of France has been interested in the affair—there have been so many cases of poisoning lately, it really makes one shudder! But this must be very distasteful to one so gentle and kind as yourself, Madame!" And, on an impulse of tenderness, the *Abbé* stooped and kissed the little silk-clad hand that he took from his arm with so affectionate a gesture that the nuns peering from the refectory window glanced at each other, pursing their lips.

Madame de Lisle sighed.

"Of course, I understand nothing of such things. The Devil must have got hold of this poor woman—I shall pray for her."

"She will need your prayers, Madame—the French police are resolved to see such atrocious crimes severely punished."

Sauntering through the pleasant day the courtly couple left behind them the streets of the handsome old Flemish town and came out into the open country, canals, poplar trees, meadows, and little farmhouses.

"I am very honoured that you came with me to-day," said the priest, who seemed to be labouring under strong emotion. "For I have something very important to say to you."

The lady trembled on his arm and gave him a strange look out of her large, slightly prominent blue eyes; he hurried on, clasping her hand closely with his left hand.

"I want to say farewell, Madame. You must have—my feelings. Alas, they are warmer than those of a poor priest, vowed to celibacy, should have for a pious widow—forgive me, Madame, I offend you, I hurt you——" He stammered, bringing his handsome head close to hers. Madame de Lisle laughed, it seemed, with relief. "How charming you are," he murmured; "how delicious without that hideous mourning."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was getting a little tired of it—it is so hot and heavy. Poor André gave me the pearls, so I think that he would like me to wear them, don't you, *Abbé*?"

"Your late husband," exclaimed the priest fervently, "could not possibly object to an affection so lofty, so devoted, as mine!"

And then, sure of the lady's attention, the priest began to talk of his boyhood and youth; of how he had gone into the Church to please his widowed mother, of his great interest in botany and Greek mathematics, and how apart from the world he had always lived, knowing nothing of love or women until he had chanced to meet the beautiful Madame de Lisle.

The fair widow listened with sympathy to this artless tale, sometimes turning her head aside to hide the glint in her eyes, the curl in her mouth, which were provoked by the relation of so much male innocence.

So absorbed was she in her companion's story—which was broken now and then by protestations

Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

of warm but respectful love—that she did not notice the road they were taking; they had passed the farms, the pastures and the canals, and the highway was now bordered by airy woods where light trees shook against the pallid blue of the heavens against which the milky-white clouds curdled; suddenly, she stopped, however, and exclaimed: "Are we not going towards the French frontier?"

"Are we?" said the *Abbé*, pulled up short in his earnest discourse. "I'm afraid I was not observing the way. I don't think this is the road to France, but shall we turn back?"

"Oh, no!" replied Madame de Lisle laughing. "It does not matter, I really must get over this foolish aversion from my native country!"

"Yes, surely one day you will wish to return to France," he smiled. "The sun is becoming very hot—shall we turn into this little wood, which is full, I am sure, of rare ferns?"

She willingly agreed, and when the cool shade of the trees was over them, the mossy ground and the wild flowers beneath her feet, she leaned on the arm of her handsome escort with amorous abandon, sighing voluptuously.

"Must you really leave Liege, *Abbé*? It will be so dull without you!"

"I dare not stay," he whispered in great agitation. "Besides, I am due back in Paris." As he squeezed her hand he added: "Why do you, dear Madame, not return to Paris? Surely you have been in retreat long enough?"

"No, no, I detest the place; it has too many sad memories for me."

"But you are so young, so fair, you cannot bury yourself here for ever! Ah, let me entreat you to return—I know a discreet little apartment in the *rue de deux pents*."

A spasm passed over the lady's face, which he did not appear to notice as he added: "I live in that street myself, that is why I venture to suggest—but I forgot, you would not care to live in the street where Madame de Brinvilliers had her hotel!"

"Did she? You must, then, often have seen her!"

"As it chanced, no. I went abroad so little! But I heard tales, even then. One cannot close one's ears to everything! They said she was trying to poison her husband, and that he was too afraid of her to leave the house, but used to drink an antidote after he had taken anything from her hand!"

"How absurd!" smiled Madame de Lisle. "But why should one think of anything so dismal?" She paused, drinking in the warm, fragrant air, the dappled sunlight falling on her charming face.

"I believe," sighed the *Abbé*, "she was extremely beautiful. And she had so many lovers—Ste. Croix was but one of them. There was the young tutor—she had him enchanted—one can't help being interested in a woman like that——"

"Oh, *Abbé*!" exclaimed the lady with a delicious laugh, "do you not think that a good woman can be enchanting too!"

She leaned towards him with a soft sigh and tried to take the box he carried: "Why, how heavy it is!" she exclaimed.

"It has the weights with which to press the ferns," he said. "Shall we go on a little farther and see what we can find? Really, this is a charming spot and I feel as if I were in Paradise!"

So they strolled on in loving converse through the fair, still afternoon until they reached a well where the ferns grew thick and mossy round the wet stonework, and there they paused gathering nosegays of the damp, vivid leaves, she archly fastening a knot of maidenhair into the priest's black *soutane* so that her white arms and lawn-veiled bosom were quite close to his breast and her blue eyes laughed up into his face; then she stooped and caught the clear water that bubbled from the rock into the well in her hands, and gave it to him to drink.

But when she suggested that they should put the ferns away in the case, he refused, saying it would be better to wait until they were dry.

The wood thinned out here and the white, dusty highroad, edged by poplars, could be seen winding across the plains of Flanders.

"We have come in a circle," said the *Abbé*. "That is the road to Liege. We can return that way if you please."

But the lady was in no hurry to end this charming promenade; she suggested that they should explore the wood that ran the other side of the road, and her melting glance, coy smile and the soft pressure of her plump hand on the *Abbé's* arm assured him that she did not intend him to be wholly occupied by botany.

As if overwhelmed by her kindness, he bowed to her suggestion and they gained the high road, which was deserted save for one carriage with four horses which stood drawn up by the line of poplars.

Madame de Lisle drew back when she saw this equipage, which, with the dark horses, drawn blinds, the two men in plain livery on the box and the other two in plain livery behind, appeared sinister in its silent immobility—a black outline in the clear, pale sunshine of the lonely road.

"It is some traveller," said the *Abbé* reassuringly as he tenderly drew his companion on to the high road, "who has met with an accident and who has sent for help."

But as the lady set her dainty foot on the highway, her companion's demeanour changed.

"You are in France now, Madame de Brinvilliers!" he cried, and opening the specimen box drew out a pair of handcuffs, which with professional dexterity he clapped on the lady's wrists; at the same instant three men ran from the carriage and seized the manacled woman, who turned on her companion in a convulsion of fury.

"Traitor and scoundrel!" she screamed. "You are no priest!"

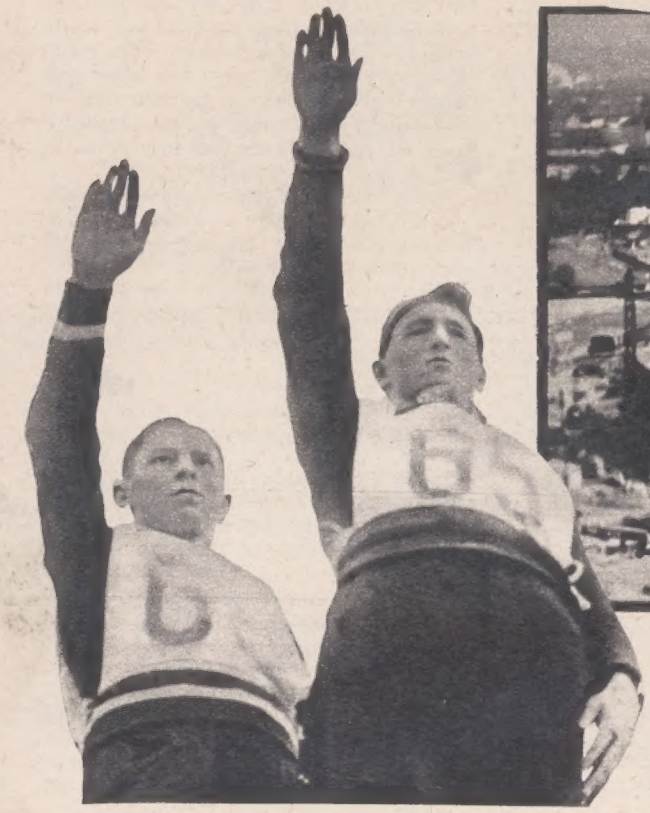
"As much a priest as you are a pious widow," he replied grimly. "I am Dubois, the police agent. I never thought I should get you across the frontier, my beauty—without having to kiss you first. Bah!"

A wail of despair broke from the lips of Madame de Brinvilliers as she was dragged towards the waiting carriage; but no shade of compassion for the murderess crossed the faces of the Paris police as they locked the door on their prisoner.

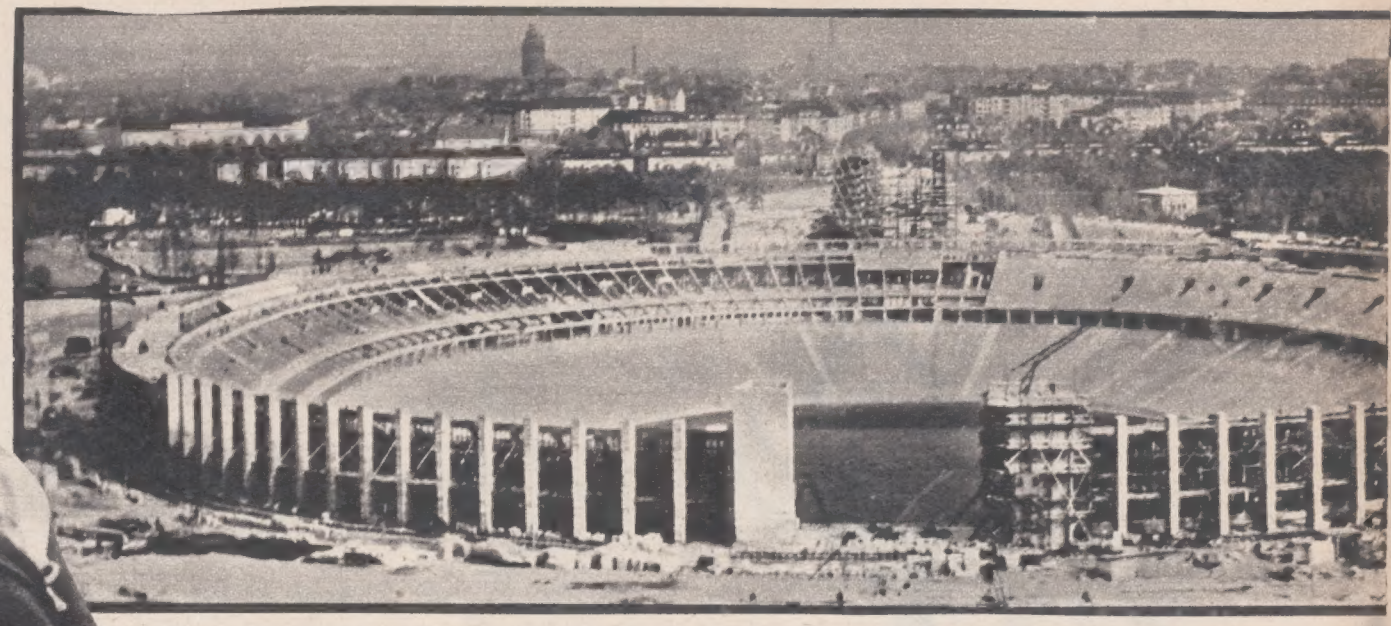
M. Dubois, casting one of his colleague's cloaks over his clerical attire, sprang on the box; as the carriage sped towards Paris—the trial, the jail, the block, the fire—he took from his coat a posy of maidenhair and flung it down in the dust for the wheels to pass over.

Unlike Other Ladies

will be continued next week with the story of "A Woman in love with a Demon"—the extraordinary drama of Dean Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh



Hitlerising the Olympic games—the German winter sports team gives the Nazi salute.



The Ill-Fated OLYMPICS—

TWENTY-EIGHT nations will compete in the winter sports section of this year's Olympic Games next week.

That the figure is a record is the ecstatic declaration at the Hitler sports headquarters in Munich. But even if it is true that skiers, skaters and snow runners from twenty-eight countries will participate in the events on the slopes of the Bavarian Alps, it does not mean that the Olympic Games as a whole will be any more an international success than they have been in the thirty years since their revival.

In the past, political rivalries among the various competing states have spread to the feelings of the athletes in this world competition of sport.

But it is doubtful if in the long and distressing history of the Games there has ever been a situation bristling with so much potential trouble as that created by the decision to hold the meeting this year in Germany, the track events in a great stadium specially constructed on the outskirts of Berlin, the winter sports in the resorts of the Bavarian Alps, the hotel keepers of which naturally look forward to much advertisement and corresponding increase of revenue.

No one can deny the idealism and imagination of those gentlemen who met in Paris in the year 1894 and decided that the time was ripe for the revival of the Olympic Games as a means of promoting international understanding. The world had not then become sports-minded to the extent it is to-day.

In France, Englishmen were regarded as those eccentric individuals who either knocked a little ball over the net in summer or threw a bigger one about a field in winter for no obvious reason.

England alone looked on sport as an essential feature in social and healthy everyday life.

The very idea of sport implied a spirit of friendly rivalry based on the motive, "May the best man win." What greater service could be paid to the cause of world peace and goodwill than to bring all the nations together on a sports arena and let them show their prowess? But it was one of those magnificent ideas which, in spite of the fact that logic and common sense were on its side, did not quite come off. Almost from the first the Olympic Games accentuated rather than smoothed over international rivalries.

The first Games were held—and appropriately enough—in 1896 in the old stadium of Athens which was specially restored to accommodate 45,000 spectators through the generosity of a rich Greek merchant. An international committee had laid down the rule that the Games should be held in a world centre every four years, and with the exception of 1916, there has been an Olympic meeting at this interval of time.

The second, or 1900 meeting, took place in Paris. But there was an immediate objection. The French athletes objected because the Games were begun on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the French national holiday, when the world and his wife prefer to dance in the streets of the big cities instead of watching dreary trial heats over one hundred and two hundred metres.

The United States delegates objected to running on the Sabbath, and this completely upset the programme, just as, twenty years later, also in Paris, the chief English sprinter, Liddell, also refused on religious grounds to enter for any events that were fixed for a Sunday.

In 1904 there was not much interest in the Games, for they were held in far-away St. Louis, an enterprising American syndicate taking advantage of the fixture to organise a great exhibition and so get an enormous free advertisement.

But, unfortunately, the hopes were not justified for only four countries participated, and a side show of athletic performances by native peoples, like Red Indians, Filipinos, Patagonians, Ainus, and Moros proved a flop because they were so obviously inferior to those performed by second-rate white men.

The Olympic scene shifted to London in 1908, the fourth Olympiad. The main games opened in the specially constructed White City (there was also an exhibition), and before they finished there was a whole heap of trouble. First of all the American and Swedish flags, for some unaccountable reason, were omitted from the elaborate scheme of international bunting. And that is an unforgivable crime at any Olympiad, where nations seem even more touchy than they are at a peace conference.

A little later great Imperial Russia was small-minded enough to insist that her protectorate state Finland (land of Nurmi, forsooth) should only use the Russian flag and not her own colours of the blue cross on white.

Ireland also had a grievance. The points scored by her athletes were lumped together with those of Great Britain—a shocking offence to national pride. The American team withdrew from the tug-o'-war contest because they did not like their English opponents' boots!

But these things were as nothing compared with the sensation that led to what was almost an international incident when the famous Italian marathon runner, Dorando, was disqualified because an enthusiastic but misguided spectator helped him across the finishing tape when he was three-quarters dead from exhaustion.

The race had been run from the front of Windsor Castle to the stadium at Shepherd's Bush. Dorando, by reason of his engaging personality and ingenuity at getting into the limelight, had become a popular favourite, and everybody wanted him to win. As I have said, one spectator tried to help him, and the judges had no option but to award the race to the runner-up, one Johnny Hayes, from America.

There was tremendous indignation and Italy became almost as angry with us as she has done over the dispute with Ethiopia.

A very gracious gesture on the part of Queen Alexandra managed to calm the storm. She sent for Dorando and made him a personal present which the Italian runner said was more than a compensation for losing the marathon.

At Stockholm in 1912 there was an uproar because of a dispute concerning who was actually Olympic champion of the meeting, and at the first Games after the war—the Antwerp meeting of 1920—the American team went on strike because they resented being accommodated in an empty schoolhouse and being forced to eat what in Belgium is called chicken.

It was solemnly reported at the Paris meeting of 1924 that a Frenchman tried to bite an Englishman in his anxiety to win his event. Then again in 1928 at Amsterdam the French team refused to march in the famous procession that inaugurates the Games, because there were some German athletes present. That was ten years after the war!

So much for Olympic Games in the past. What of the forthcoming meeting at Berlin this summer and the winter sports which are so soon to take place? There is no doubt that the system inaugurated by the Nazi party dictatorship and the organised persecution of the Jews have aroused world-wide resentment.

The question is being asked how, if a Jew is denied by the Nuremberg laws the rights of ordinary citizenship, can he possibly enter the Olympic Games along with his German compatriots on terms of equality?

To this the authorities have replied that they will make an exception in the case of Jews entered for the Olympic Games. The Jews of Germany who are sufficiently efficient at games will be given facilities for training provided they uphold the honour of the Fatherland.

It requires a German sense of logic and proportion to reconcile that attitude with the idealistic Olympic spirit that led to the first meeting at Athens in 1896.

It is idle to conceal the fact that not only among Jewish athletes in other parts of the world but also among many international athletes who take no

Building the stadium outside Berlin to hold 100,000 pure-blooded Aryan spectators !

now turned into a big boost for Nazi Germany

Paavo Nurmi leads —" he was the man who ran mile after mile looking at his watch . . . not at his competitors."

Where it all started 2,500 years ago—the finish of a race at Olympia in Ancient Greece.

by NORMAN HILLSON

part in politics, there is a feeling that the forthcoming Games will lead to trouble and that, in any case, German Jewish athletes, in spite of promises by the Sports Ministry, will not be given a fair chance.

The German authorities continue to protest that all will be given a chance, but it is hard to reconcile this fact with the great poster that hangs over the athletic stadium in Breslau, "No Jews Wanted." Also it is almost impossible for a non-Aryan to join a sports club. How a Jew can obtain equality of opportunity for training under such conditions it is hard to imagine.

This is no place to enter into a political discussion. Too often has sport in the recent past been made the stalking horse for politicians. But it is well to bear in mind that the greatest newspaper in New York City has publicly demanded that no American team should be allowed to participate in the Berlin Games on account of the dubious position of German Jewish athletes aspiring to Olympic honours.

Also it required an abject telegram from a high German official reassuring Fräulein Mayer, the world-famous German Jewish woman fencer, before the champion would consent to promise to leave the security of Los Angeles, where she now lives, to take part in the fencing bouts in Berlin this summer.

There are many who think that when assurances of this kind are necessary, one can pay too high a price for the spectacle of international sport.

The present Olympic meeting is being made the occasion for a tremendous propaganda campaign on behalf of German tourism, German scenery, German culture, German food, German manufactures. In fact, everything German.

Wherever you go in the Fatherland huge posters stare you in the face, with the words "Olympische Spiele, Berlin 1936. 1-16 Aug." heavily printed over the head of a German athlete, blonder than any Hollywood film star. The German capital threatens to go all Olympic for the first fortnight of August and in the elaborate preparations which are being made to entertain the hundreds of thousands of visitors who are confidently expected to visit the capital during these two weeks, the Games themselves are in danger of being half forgotten.

It has often been stated that the Games have become a sort of gladiatorial show, and indeed this would appear to be the case in regard to the Games this summer. Certainly no classical arena was ever built which for size and convenience could compare with that which has been brought into existence for the forthcoming meeting.

But to show how far from international this great stadium is in inspiration may be judged from the fact that it is officially called "Sport Field of the German Reich."

The main arena is situated in a pleasant forest near the capital, one of the playgrounds of the Berliners when they go on excursion of a Sunday afternoon. It is indeed *kolossal*—and by the time it is finished it will accommodate 100,000 spectators. They will sit in tiers for the seating is designed on the classical model. The track itself conforms to the usual 400 metres, the metric equivalent of our 440 yards.

Close to the great stadium is a wonderful swimming pool, considered by world experts to be the finest of its kind ever designed. Even now it is not quite ready, although the work on it has been proceeding for years. One may judge its dimensions from the fact that in the galleries on either side it will be possible to seat another 18,000 Olympic enthusiasts.

A quite fantastic open-air theatre, this time on the Greek model such as can be seen in the ruined theatre of Taormina, in Sicily, has been constructed in a glade of the forest of Grünewald. For half a mile round the trees have been wired for loud-speakers and amplifiers, and it will be possible for a play to be witnessed by 100,000 people and listened to by over a quarter of a million without undue crowding. Veritably the Nazi ideal expressed itself in stupendous numbers.

It is confidently expected that there will be 3,500 athletes competing in the Games, apart from those who have entered for the winter sports. It is not yet possible to say how many nations will participate in the big events at Berlin, but the Germans are prepared for their little party of 3,500, and with characteristic thoroughness have built them not a hall, or dormitory, but a whole village complete with houses, concert rooms, swimming pool and a chapel.

This settlement has grown magically from the countryside on the road from Hamburg to Berlin.

Lest the athletes should be tempted to try the stodgy night life of Berlin's West End, the village is a matter of twenty miles away, and so the international athletes must live quiet and sober lives.

The Olympic village is no temporary affair. On the contrary, when the athletes go away, the place will be handed over to the officers of some of the crack regiments of the Reichswehr, or German regular army, as an elaborate residential club.

As one who recalls the Olympic Games of Amsterdam eight years ago, one must hand out praise and thanks to the German authorities for thinking so much about the comfort of the participants. At Amsterdam there were very different conditions. Most of the British team—headed by Lord Burghley—lived and dined in a shed close to a railway line, while the huge American team was forced by circumstances to live in the liner which brought them from the States.

There is another aspect to this question of the usefulness of Olympic Games. We have already seen that, from time to time, they have been the cause of exacerbated feelings. But one might let such things pass if the Games themselves were really representative. And they most emphatically are not.

First of all, it is a question of money. In the days of the boom, the Americans were always able to put the strongest team in the field simply because they had unlimited resources.

This was illustrated by the fact that at the Amsterdam Games, the Americans had money enough to send an enormous team to Holland from across the Atlantic Ocean, whereas we had hardly enough funds to send a very modest (although brilliant) team across the North Sea !

I believe it is a fact that in order to send Nurmi to Los Angeles four years ago, it was necessary to raise money in the Finnish Parliament, and when he got to California there was awful howdydo about whether he was professional or not.

Nurmi was the man who ran mile after mile looking at his watch and never caring what happened to his competitors. He was one of many wonderful Finnish athletes, but if there had been no state assistance it would not have been possible for Finland to send her sons on such expensive trips all over the world.

Other governments have openly subsidised their Olympic teams. France invariably does. But in Great Britain, although we like sport so much, we do not carry our enthusiasm to the extent of adding a little more to our taxation on its behalf. When a suggestion is made that the Olympic Games should be subsidised by the State, there is quite justified indignation.

British teams have always been handicapped by the fact that they must depend on the contributions either of genuine enthusiasts for this form of athletic internationalism or of rich men who wish to advertise their philanthropy and interest in sport, although they take good care never to spend a weary fortnight watching the events. And an Olympic meeting can be the most solemn and melancholy thing I know.

Not the

SINCE the war, Bainton had lived in America. Years ago, in London, he had nothing. To-day he had an American wife, four children, and about six million dollars standing firm and realisable after the great wash of the depression.

This was his first trip to Europe, and it was his third day in London, yet all he had been able to do as yet was to hang round the old haunts on the City Road, watching the tram-cars, the City policemen, and the bank messengers still in the same old silk hats.

He was a millionaire staying in a luxury suite at a world-famous hotel, and he felt like an office boy sneaking time off when everyone else was at work.

There was a dreamy, sentimental streak in this tall, loose-limbed man of affairs which you would never have suspected from his pinkish, clean-shaven cheeks and hard grey eyes. He had spent four years of his life at an impressionable age with the firm of Karmels, Ltd., carburetter manufacturers and motorists' sundriesmen. Four years in the City of London before he had gone off to the war. In the way in which a woman will pine for the loss of her sickliest child, Bainton was wont to dwell on the years he had left behind in the City of London.

For he never saw London again until three days ago. After the war he sailed direct to New York from Egypt.

For two days he had been putting off the moment when he had to go into Karmels and measure off the quality of his memories against hard facts. For two days he had loitered on the pavement, eyeing the familiar swing doors of the building, unable to summon up his courage to the sticking point. Bainton was ashamed of his pictures of the past: like most successful men, he knew his weaknesses, and took good care to cover them up against attack.

Two youths named Foley and Hammerton formed the stumbling block. In the fairy story of his intimate life Bainton had woven the thread of these two. They had begun work with him at Karmels on the same day, with the same prospects and the same hopes and handicaps. Bainton had gone his own way after the war to a substantial fortune; but the fairy story had not faded away; it had trailed him like a shadow, still linking the three of them together in the subconscious recesses of Bainton's mind.

Through the years he had built a little world of fiction round Foley, Hammerton, and Bainton. He was scared now to put it to the rough test of real life.

It was the critical British hour when cups of tea are circulated to restore the tissues in hundreds of thousands of offices in London that Bainton finally took a grip on himself and pushed through the grimy swing doors at the trade counter of Karmels. The London headquarters of the famous firm had not changed.

They looked the same: they smelt the same—that curious greasy-metallic odour. Even the vague shuffling noises of the places were just as he had carried them in his sentimental dreaming.

A commissionaire, attracted by his prosperous appearance, approached him with deference, and a quick decision was forced on Bainton. It might be embarrassing to inquire for Foley or Hammerton by name directly. "I'd like to see the sales manager," he said.

He was conducted through the outer offices into a new, linoleum-covered waiting room. "What name shall I say, sir?" the commissionaire asked.

"Tell him . . ." considered Bainton, "Tell him it's from Bainton Carburetters."

The atmosphere of the place had him in its grip. This room was new, but in his brief passage a thousand and one objects had jumped out of the past to greet him. As he waited for someone to come and attend to him his mind went back to the days when his career was before him. He had always been keen on success, searching for recipes and considering all the outward signs when he met them. His passion for measuring off results was responsible perhaps for the start of the fable—the interest he took in the competitive careers of Foley and Hammerton.

An old man entered the room, to fix him uncertainly.

His neck, tortoise-like, protruded from his collar, and between his collar and the back of his coat was a further gap. His hair was silvered and round spectacles bridged his nose. Bainton recalled that among Englishmen you often met distinguished looking persons who turned out to be nobody in particular after all.

"I wanted to see the sales manager," he offered.

The old man smiled. "I have just given him your message. He will be free in a moment if you would care to wait."

"I'll wait," Bainton said, and dismissed the old clerk with a curt nod. When the manager arrived he would explain who he was, that he used to work here, and that he would like news of some of his old friends—Foley and Hammerton, for instance. It was a fool's errand, anyway . . .

Those three youths were very real to him as he waited. Foley, the most conscientious and painstaking of counter clerks. Hammerton, the scandalous and improvident, who always had a clever tale to tell you. Himself, Bainton—always a hard worker, but not as brilliant as Foley or as glib as Hammerton.

Hammerton had scandalised the serious Foley from the day of their meeting. He had any amount of assurance and no regard for the facts which Foley worshipped. For Foley had some sort of science degree or diploma which he had gained by working at night at home, or by correspondence or something. He never spoke about it.

Hammerton, who was always smartly dressed, knew nothing about carburetters, or indeed about anything much, beyond what he had picked up on the fringes of the West End. But Hammerton could certainly talk, particularly about the theatre and horse-racing.

A *Complete Story by* B. L. JACOT

Illustrated by Bertram Prance

"You seem to have the figures at your fingers' ends, young man," the magnate told Hammerton.

Tortoise—

He was never punctual, always late back from lunch, and the casual way in which he dealt with important matters pained Foley. Even though, at the time, it meant more work for him, Bainton still recalled with a tinge of admiration the way in which Hammerton could make a little work sound like a week of hard labour.

Bainton found himself recalling a famous occasion just before the outbreak of war—the day when Sir George Wayne and Hammerton came into contact for about five minutes. He had never forgotten that interview. Wayne had built up the largest motor-car plant in Europe out of a cycle shop, and he eventually bought Karmels; but at the time of that memorable meeting the motor magnate was only looking over the prospect. It was the subject of much talk.

The three youths were behind the counter at a slack hour. A smallish man in a bowler hat walked in through the swing doors. He addressed Bainton, after leisurely taking in the detail of the place. "I want to know something about your D3 model," he said.

Bainton was telling him that this was the most popular model, manufactured for small cars, and that it was the type supplied to Wayne Motors, when Hammerton edged in. Bainton knew his subject, but he was always thorough rather than fluent.

He preferred action to talk, and he was grateful at first that Hammerton should have intruded. His gratitude was to give way to consternation later.

"The D3, sir," Hammerton expanded, "is generally acknowledged to be the best designed instrument on the market to-day. All Wayne cars are fitted with Karmels. Draw your own conclusions from that. We don't make the cheapest carburetters. You can save a shilling or two on the purchase price—I grant you that. We make the most efficient carburetter. That is a matter of record. The facts prove it. The coefficient of volumetric efficiency of the D3 model——"

A horrified gasp sounded from Foley. This old man looked like an important customer, and no one knew better than Foley that Hammerton's knowledge on the technical side was nil.

"You are interested in carburetters, sir?" Hammerton inquired.

"I want to know something about them. Go on, young man."

"The volumetric efficiency of the D3," Hammerton resumed, "is over seventeen per cent higher than that of its nearest rival. The flow test shows that fuel consumption figures——"

"Just a minute." The maker of the country's most popular motor-car turned to Foley. "Can you tell me the consumption per brake-horse-power per hour on laboratory test?"

The figures for the new model were not yet available, as Foley knew. "I can't tell you that," he said.

"Point eight-three litres per hour," Hammerton announced. "Which gives you an increase in economy of seven per cent. Seven per cent. That's a big saving on your year's petrol bill."

"What's the secret of your abolishing blind spots?" the magnate demanded of Bainton.

"The bridging jet," Bainton said. He knew then that this must be Sir George Wayne, looking over the staff.

"What's the diameter of the choke?" he asked Foley.

There was no choke to the bridging jet, as Foley knew. He was thinking how to word this tactfully when Hammerton cut in again.

"We employ a forty-seven millimetre choke," he announced. "Only precision machining permits us to employ a choke of this fine description. This gives us a flow of 114 c.c. per second, thus giving perfect atomisation."

Behind his glasses Foley's eyes were bulging. He knew that this man was Sir George, now, and the enormity of all this wild information held him dumb.

"You seem to have the figures at your fingers' ends, young man," the magnate told Hammerton. "How about manufacturing costs? Have you gone into them?"

"Naturally, sir," Hammerton told him. It is doubtful if he had heard of them before that moment. "The first thing I did was to make myself thoroughly familiar with the job."

"What's your metal cost, your machining, and your assembly percentages?"

"Metals, eighteen per cent.," Hammerton guessed. "That's L.O.B., of course. Machining——"

"L.O.B.?" echoed Foley, nervously.

Hammerton shot him a wink. It did not mean anything, even to Hammerton. "We always work it out L.O.B.," he explained to Sir George. "Machining we write off at twenty-three. That's heavy, I know, but remember what I told you about precision work. It saves you money on your fuel bills for years! Assembly percentage on flow production cuts in at eleven per cent. That's organisation. I think we could improve on this assembly figure, though. I have an idea——"

The older man stopped him. "I'm Sir George Wayne," he announced. "What's your name?"

"Sir George Wayne?" Young Hammerton had certainly managed to look surprised. "Why—I'd no idea, sir. I—the name is Hammerton, sir. Hammerton."

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Hammerton. You're a young man who certainly knows his job."

It was some time before Foley recovered his faculties. "*L.O.B*" he groaned, unhappily. "What, on earth did you want to tell him all that rot for Hammerton? A forty-seven millimetre choke on a bridging jet!"

Hammerton was rubbing his hands. "Listen, Foley," he explained. "Old Wayne doesn't know a thing about carburetters. If he did he would be manufacturing them himself. And he would have pulled me up short, anyway. All he wanted to find out was who were the men in this concern who looked and sounded likely. He wanted a showing, and he got it."

"Assembly percentage, eleven per cent!"

"What's it matter? He never listened to what I told him. You bet he had all the figures if he wanted them, typed out . . ."

A small boy passed through the waiting room with a tray of empty tea cups. A huge pen was firmly wedged behind his ear. Bainton shifted impatiently in his chair; it was years since he had waited for anyone. Hammerton with the dazzling shop window and little on the shelves of the store at the back. Foley with the blank window and heavily-laden shelves behind. Himself, the hard worker . . . not particularly brilliant in talk or work.

An odd-looking trio they must have formed that afternoon when Sir George Wayne was questioning them. Bainton pushed to his feet. He was nervous about the ending of his fable. The three boys were now three men, each eminent in his own sphere of work.

Bainton wished to hear how Foley had won through, what Hammerton had made as his mark in the world. And yet he wished he had never come to inquire.

The old clerk entered the room. He inquired if Bainton would care for a cup of tea, and in declining Bainton noted the touch of servility in the other which comes with years of accepting the decisions of superiors.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "I don't think I can wait to-day . . ." Then, alarmed by his cowardice: "I live in America, and at one time I had some connection with this firm."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And—uh—I just dropped in to inquire about some of the people I used to know. There was a Mr. Hammerton——"

A peculiar look of embarrassment on the old man's face stopped him.

"He's no longer with the firm?"

"Mr. Hammerton left us some years back," the clerk explained. "He went into the City. You would have known about his companies had you lived in England. At one time he was a very wealthy man."

Bainton was puzzled. "What's he doing now?" he asked.

The clerk ran a thin finger round his collar. "You couldn't have heard then. The Hammerton Affair made a big scandal at the time over here."

Suddenly the pieces fitted together in Bainton's mind.

Hammerton, the financier who rocked Europe with his crash before going to gaol for seven years! So that was Hammerton.

"I had no idea!" Bainton heard himself stammering. "I never connected the name." Something caused him to look up. The clerk was pulling nervously at his tie.

"I knew Mr. Hammerton very well," he explained. "We were junior clerks here until the war, and at one time . . ."

The rest escaped Bainton. His keen eyes were searching the other's face. He was not so old as he looked. Without that tortoise neck?—without those round glasses?

Bainton knew then that this was Foley.

"Will you tell the manager I'll call in to-morrow some time to see him?" he put in at length. He had a thousand questions in his head to ask this man, but he could not put one of them into speech. They did not apply now.

Bainton was a sentimental man. And he had just lost the fairy ending to his story.

Next Week
An S. L. BENSUSAN Story
"MR. TIDMAN'S TROUBLES"
Next Week

What's

by Frank D. Long

Archaeology proves that women have not changed. The statue of Nefartite and the living actress, Rita Cansino, are exactly alike.

DURING the present century, so I am authoritatively informed, a sum approximating to £20,000,000 has been spent in archaeological research.

Ask any archaeologist worthy of the name if he considers that colossal wealth has been spent to good purpose and you will be frowned upon as an incomprehensible idiot.

I know; I've asked several.

There are some 50,000 archaeologists in the world, and I am perfectly certain that if I put the same question to each the result would have been the same.

And let me hurry on to say that they would be entitled to receive such an inquiry with disdain since it has been almost entirely their own money so spent. Official assistance has been negligible compared with the private outpouring of cash.

None can compute the cost to these people by measuring the wealth that would have accrued to them had they invested their labour and money in dividend-making enterprise.

Even so, human nature being what it is, those of us who do not spend a penny from one year's end to another, nor five minutes in a life-time in archaeological research, cannot help curiosity in face of such stupendous spending and assiduous labour.

That was why, at the risk of confirming unflattering impressions, I persisted in my own line of research, delving into the inquiry—"Has all this digging been of any help to modern civilisation?"

"None whatever," was the candid and spontaneous reply of one archaeologist, backed up by others when I put the question in the same way.

Their admission came to this: archaeology has contributed nothing whatever to the sciences which have given man a substantial immunity from disease, swift and luxurious transport, speech with the unseen, thousands of miles away, mechanics in the kitchen, entertainment in the home and public places, art, as represented by our picture galleries; it has been no help in framing our laws, shaping our political systems, planning our towns.

It is not through any discovery archaeologists have made that man can now dive half a mile down into the blue-black sea and float in the purple-blue stratosphere, fourteen miles above the earth; that he can flash photographs through 13,000 miles of space, from Australia to England in half a minute, and split that invisible speck, the atom; that he can drive trains underground and sail the seas in ships as big as towns; that he can make watches as small as peas and erect buildings to tower over a thousand feet in the air.

The list of man's achievements which are part and parcel of modern civilisation would fill columns of this journal, and the very brain by which these marvels may be comprehended and controlled can be moved from the head of living man and replaced!

But, archaeology, for all that it is concerned with the life of mankind down the ages, has yielded nothing that has enabled the modern to benefit by the experience of the ancient. Then, to what purpose has that £20,000,000 been spent?

The question again somewhat hastily intrudes, and by that very impatience demonstrates perhaps the most important difference between the hustler—product of modern civilisation—and the archaeologist—product of the cultural development that has continued no less surely, if less showily, side by side with the advances in things material.

No archaeologist worthy of the name counts the cost in time or money in the stupendous task of uncovering the entire history of mankind. He sets out in quest of knowledge, but, unlike the student able to begin with elementary text books and living teachers to guide him on to scholarly attainments, the archaeologist's road lies through the dead past, where the facts are buried in the soil and unlimited patience is essential to their true understanding.

As a scientist, he believes that all things are possible, including the existence of civilisations millions of years ago which were more advanced in mastery of nature's forces than we are to-day. The archaeologist will tell you that, after all, civilisation is nothing more than control of natural forces.

Discoveries made by scientists and subsequently capitalised by industrialists, great and small, were of natural laws which have existed from the beginning of time, and that goes back by unnamable millions of years. That being so, argues the archaeologist, who is to say that electricity was unknown to man a million, two millions, three millions of years ago?

Who can say authoritatively that pre-historic man did not fly and knew nothing of the drugs by which the sick man of to-day is restored to health? Who can say he was ignorant of the internal combustion engine, or of the law of gravitation? Only the pompous ignoramus of to-day who is unaware that a thousand years before Christ, Solomon, one of the wisest of men, declared there was nothing new under the sun.

Since the invention of talking pictures, wireless, television and the robot aeroplane a good many other people besides archaeologists are prepared to believe there is no limit to what may be or may have been.

But we cannot, as yet, solve the mystery of the Great Zimbabwe, that strange collection of impressive buildings set amidst the jungle homes of the natives of Southern Rhodesia. It is a city built of granite cement and dry masonry, standing in ruins, a centuries' old monument of a dead civilisation, gazed at in awe to-day by the natives living in huts made of mud and grass.

There is abundant evidence that gold mining was carried on in that part of Africa hundreds of years ago, and beyond all doubt the people who lived in that city were far more civilised than the negro dwellers of to-day. And who can say they were not decadent compared with their predecessors? When did the rot set in, and why? Or was there a solar catastrophy of the first magnitude?

Archaeologists do not ignore the possibility of solar catastrophies, occurring at intervals of millions of years, having destroyed civilisations greater than ours. There is a vast gap of millions of years between the ape man and the earliest known forms of civilised life, and it is known that races of men appeared and disappeared within that gap. What were they like? What their standard of civilisation? How came they to disappear?

These are questions which may never be answered, but the archaeologist refuses to believe them unanswerable. He knows only that infinite patience and continual digging are needed to find the answers. If and when they are found the sum total of our knowledge will be enormously increased, but whether it will have a commercial value or not is of no account to the archaeologist.

He seeks to enrich the world's store of knowledge, with none but altruistic motives, and doesn't even

the USE *of all this* DIGGING?

send the hat round to help him in his self-imposed task. It is inviting contempt to ask a man like that what is there worth while to modern civilisation in archaeology. The point simply does not arise in his calculations.

Take the case of Dr. Schliemann, who spent considerably more than a hundred thousand pounds to establish the authenticity of Homer. The son of a German pastor, he was a very poor boy when he became an apprentice to a grocer. He was still a boy when he became obsessed with a passion for Homer, and he longed for the means of proving that his hero was no legendary figure but a real personage.

That ambition flamed within him with such burning intensity that he refused to learn Greek, saying that he needed all his time to build up that fortune in business which, one day, he could use in research. He did it to such good purpose that he could retire at the age of forty, a rich man, and thereafter spend his thousands in the manner he had planned as a penniless boy.

It was as a result of digging at Troy that he discovered a civilisation until then not known to have existed, and now known as the Mycenean. It was a civilisation rich in gold and the decorative arts. The people lived in substantially built stone houses, equipped with open hearths for wood fires. The rooms were planned with at least as much intelligence as one sees in a modern council house, with rather more spacious bath rooms.

Spats — ancient and modern. But the feet of the ancient Diana were better-shaped, healthier than those of the archaeologists who directed her disinterment.

Neither Threadneedle Street nor Wall Street cared two hoots about Dr. Schliemann's success, but that didn't perturb him in the least. Explorers and record breakers may have one eye on public recognition; but the reward of the archaeologist is his own personal affair, his joy in presenting another page of history to the world.

Many of the ancient writers owe such authority as they hold with moderns to the selfless labours of archaeologists. Herodotus himself, "Father of History," owes to archaeology confirmation of his writings 2,000 years after his death. Until there were discoveries in the lakes of Central Europe, particularly those of Switzerland, bringing to light the undoubted existence of an ancient race or races of lake dwellers, it was easy to be sceptical about the veracity of Herodotus's story of the community living close to the Aegean Sea in his day.

After relating how Darius sent one of his great captains with orders to transplant the Paeonians to Asia, and how that commander partially succeeded, he goes on to say, "But the Paeonians about Lake Prasias were not conquered at all by Megahazus. Yet an attempt was even made to subdue those in the lake who dwell there in the following manner.

"Beams fastened together are fixed on lofty piles in the middle of the lake, having a narrow approach from the shore by a single bridge. And all the citizens in common have been wont from some very ancient time to plant the piles which support the beams. And this is the custom followed as to planting the piles. They bring them from a mountain called Obelus, and every bridegroom plants three piles for each woman that he marries; and every man marries a great many women; and they live in the following manner.

"Each man possesses beams and a hut, in which he lives, and a trap-door through the beams, opening downwards to the lake. And they tie the little children by the foot with a cord, fearing lest they should tumble down into the lake. And they give to their horses and cattle fish for their food; and the multitude of fish is so great that when a man opens the trap-door and lets down an empty basket into the lake, after waiting only a little while, he draws it up full of fish."

To-day this doesn't read like history, but the ring of truth is given to it by the discoveries proving that a lake community once existed at the Pont de Thiele, a stream which connects the lakes of Neufchatel and Bienne. Similar remains found at other points in Central Europe and Switzerland strengthen the confirmation.

Remnants of the piles have been found, and within the area occupied by them, at a depth of several feet, objects of human industry, including rude pottery and various implements in stone, bone and bronze. The entire absence of iron indicates that the lake dwellers flourished before the iron age, and the experts have calculated that these remains must be at least 4,000 years old. Similar remains found as far away as America have been estimated to be between 10,000 and 13,000 years old.

Sir Flinders Petrie, who has spent so many Christmases digging up history in Palestine, and has gone there once again for the same purpose, told me that he was often asked which of his discoveries would be ranked as wonderful treasures in the modern commercial market. Always his answer was the same; he could only take the archaeologist's point of view, and that made it impossible for him to single out any discovery for such a distinction, any more than he could, or would, select a single link in a chain and say, "This is the most wonderful link in all the chain."

The supreme value to the archaeologist must always be the acquisition of a continuity in the chain of evidence, and Sir Flinders' greatest pride is not in the commercial value of the relics of antiquity he has discovered in more than fifty years research, but in the fact that his work has made it possible to trace the history of civilisations from 5,000 B.C. to A.D. 68. A truly marvellous resurrection of the dead!

Before Sir Flinders Petrie left London on one of his journeys to Palestine I asked him if he would write down for me a rather more detailed reply to the question regarding his most wonderful discovery. He wrote, "From the point of view of religious people, both Jews and Christians, the most wonderful is the Israel Tablet.

"It is evidence in granite that has withstood the destructive elements of three thousand years of the truth of Old Testament statements touching the existence of Jews in Palestine 500 years before the Assyrian invasion in 722 B.C. I know that when I found the Tablet in the Temple of Merentpah, at Thebes, thirty-eight years ago, I said it would be the most talked about of all my finds. And time has proved my assertion right.

"I discovered it in the ruins of the forecourt of the temple. It had evidently stood against the south wall in the corner and been thrown forwards. One result of this fall was to throw uppermost an inscription which revealed a curious history. This huge block of granite, measuring 10 feet 3 inches high, 5 feet 4 inches wide, and 13 inches thick, had been used in the first place by Amenhotep III in the building of his temple about 1380 B.C. Some sixty years later Merenptah took the granite to use in his own temple. Placing the side with Amenhotep's inscription on it against the wall, he carved on the other side the details of his own triumphs.

"Although in Egyptology this stone is called the Stele of Merenptah, it is recognised by Jews and Christians the world over by the name, Israel Tablet, because of the record Merenptah carved on it of his victory over the Israelites. Here is the translation by Professor Speigelberg, the German scholar:

> The people of Israel is laid waste—
> their crops are not,
> Khor (Palestine) has become a widow
> for Egypt.
> All lands together—they are in peace.
> Everyone who roamed about
> Is punished by King Merenptah, gifted
> with life, like the sun every day.

"There is, of course, much more on the Tablet,

After 1,500 years, a wash and brush up.

but these are the lines of supreme importance to Bible students, establishing as they do irrefutable proof of the truth of statements which had hitherto rested solely on the Old Testament's printed word."

Incidentally, Sir Flinders employed at this time one hundred men and three hundred women and girls to work as labourers, and he said, "I am happy to be able to put on record that in practically all the years I have been excavating in Egypt and Palestine, surrounded always by a little army of Bedouins, I have never found it necessary to provide my camp with an armed guard.

"Fire-arms have been available, but we have never had to use them. It is remarkable and worth noting, for often I have been working in an isolated spot, many miles from the nearest Europeans. At such times my party and I were entirely at the mercy of the Bedouins. Had there been thieves or villains amongst them they could have disposed of us as they wished and we could have offered no resistance. But at no single camp have I ever met with trouble, and I believe the secret is largely one of tactful management. I work side by side with my labourers and I try to lead, not drive them.

"I have found, too, that it is all to the good to pay them well. This is particularly so in the case of the women. In this part of the world there is practically no opportunity for women to earn a livelihood and they value very highly the opportunity of regular employment. All my workers have recognised that brigandage, or thieving within the camp, would put an end to their wage earning. That being so, they are not only honest among themselves, but guard the camp against trouble-makers from both inside and outside."

During the fifty odd years this veteran archaeologist has been wresting the secrets of history buried forty feet in the sands of Palestine and Egypt, so universal has become the interest in the science that every people in the world possessing a university have established schools and colleges for its study. Dotted over the entire globe may be found small groups of enthusiasts digging and delving into the rock, the mud, the sand, determined, if necessary, to overturn the world's surface in order to recover something of those lost civilisations.

Already it has been proved that America, which we call the New World, was inhabited 20,000 years ago. Not the least astonishing detail of such discoveries is that the proofs are rarely deeper than ten feet below the surface. The Minnesota Man (America's 20,000 years' old skeleton) was only 9 feet 9 inches below the surface. It has been Sir Flinders Petrie's lot to have to go deeper because he has had to work in sandy soil.

The very latest development in this science which looks for no other reward than the accumulation of knowledge, was the decision of the Irish Free State government to assist archaeological excavations as part of their scheme for the relief of unemployment. A condition of that support has been that the workmen should be recruited from the unemployed in the locality where excavating was to be undertaken.

Tiresome WOMAN

Complete Story by

Florence A. KILPATRICK

Illustrated by Russell Hall

THERE can be no excuse for David Blair. Admittedly, many women considered his lean aesthetic face and deep-set grey eyes extremely attractive. Yet why should he, a serious-minded Scotsman, aged thirty-nine, married to an excellent, if practical wife, be smitten with a yearning for romance that was to prove quite irresistible?

Yet the thing happened. With almost incredible swiftness, too. It was one of those rarely warm days in the early spring which Nature sometimes bestows on us before the austerities of winter are actually forgotten. The sun shone, a faint breeze rustled through the lilac trees, a thrush sang gaily, and David had gone into the garden to entertain a visitor, Margaret Bracknell.

"She's such a bore—always up to her eyes in some new idea," his wife had said. "Do go and talk to her for a time, to give me a chance to escape."

David had obliged without enthusiasm, for he had hitherto been inclined to agree with his wife concerning Margaret. Barely forty, she had been left a widow at an early age. Her heart, she often protested, was buried with her dear John; but there were some amongst her friends who declared that she would be very willing to excavate it again if necessary.

After greeting David, she began to talk with great animation, and it must be admitted he did not pay much attention. Suddenly she raised her fine, expressive eyes and looked him searchingly in the face.

"If only *you* would help me," she murmured.

It was then the miracle happened. He considered her (with seeing eyes) for the first time. He observed the warm glow of her cheek, her lively expression, the slimness of her ankles; the sun brought out glints of copper in her hair. Suddenly he thought, "I wonder why she hasn't married again." Aloud he said, "How can I help you?"

"I've written a story—oh, I suppose it's a silly little thing. I've often tried to scribble, but I'm so stupid. But you are so clever. Perhaps you can tell me if it's any good. Being a writer yourself . . ." She paused.

This was, indeed, a subtle compliment. Some people might have described him as the foe of writers, for David was a sub-editor and thought nothing of splashing at the fairest prose to make it fit a required space.

"I'm only a journalist, you know," he said modestly.

"But that's why I want your advice . . . if only I could interest you!"

David *was* interested. The day being so unusually warm for early spring, she had slipped off her coat. Above the elbow she was wearing an ivory and gold bracelet.

"How pretty that is," he remarked, and fingered it.

Margaret raised her brows, and shot him a mischievous glance, now wondering why she had hitherto considered David somewhat dull. She decided that a flirtation with him might have its amusing side.

David was almost ashamed of the chill of disappointment he felt when Barbara came out and interrupted the chat. She sank into a deck chair which creaked beneath her weight. The bright sunshine was less kind to her than to Margaret. She did not hold with "make-up." A dash of powder on the nose, perhaps, and of course a little extra if you're going out anywhere, but not at home where there is nobody to see you. She was however, a humorous, good-tempered woman who looked well after David, always made him wear wool next the skin, and did not talk to him when he was tired.

Margaret now rose to depart. "Will you both come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon?" she said. "If it doesn't interfere with your work, Mr. Blair——"

"David has to be in the office at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon," put in Barbara promptly,

After Margaret had gone, she added, "Aren't you grateful, dear, to me for getting you out of paying a call on that tiresome woman. She is such a bore."

David did not feel in the least grateful. When he set out for the office rather earlier than usual the following afternoon, his conscience was untroubled. He actually believed that it was a sudden whim which decided him to turn his steps in the direction of Dalesbury, the up-river suburb, where Margaret lived. Had she not asked him to "drop in" some time? As Dalesbury is on a branch line and as it also entails two changes and a tramp across a common before arriving at her house, "dropping in" was not so casual as it sounded.

Yet she did not seem in the least surprised to see him, although—that first joyous promise of spring having vanished—it was raining in torrents when he arrived. After relieving him of his dripping mackintosh and umbrella, she led him in to the drawing room. On account of the chilliness of the day, a fire was burning on the hearth. Tea was already laid on a side-table.

Margaret insisted on his taking a deep comfortable chair close to the fire, and mixed a whisky and soda for him, to "keep out the damp," after his encounter with the elements.

"Now we can have a jolly little chat all by ourselves," she announced.

"You're not expecting anyone else?"

"No. And in any case who would come in this awful weather? It's very nice of you to drop in. I'm going to carry out my threat and ask you to look at this story of mine." She went to a desk and took out some typed sheets of paper. "And please don't laugh at my literary style. I'm not clever like you."

She brought a low chair and sat by his side. They bent over the manuscript together. Her hair brushed his cheek several times and it gave him a dizzy exalted feeling. Once she rested her arm on his knee. At last she got up and made the tea, explaining that it was her maid's afternoon out. He offered to help her, but she refused, declaring that he must rest before going to his harassing duties at the office. This suggestion that he worked extremely hard and that he needed to be ministered to in his leisure moments, was pleasing. He wondered why Barbara did not look at it in that light.

After tea Margaret again took the low chair at his side. They talked in low tones. Outside the tempest raged, the wind shook the casement windows, the rain poured in torrents, even coming down the chimney and making the fire spurt and splutter.

"It's dreadful for you to have to go out in this weather," she said.

He looked at her bent head and hair glinting in the firelight, at her rounded elbow resting openly on his knee, and grew a little dizzy again for he was facing the overwhelming conviction that it was dreadful to leave Margaret in any sort of weather, that he loved her ardently, passionately, that the desire to stoop and kiss the white nape of her neck was steadily gaining upon him until he knew that nothing sort of a miracle would prevent him from yielding to it. True, he tried to steady himself by thinking of Barbara, her kindness to him, their happy—if uneventful —married life, but the tempting angle of Margaret's head blotted out all else.

Margaret now fell silent, and there are certain silences far more effective than words as anyone, who has conducted even a minor flirtation, must know. David saw its danger and broke into conversation.

"I see you're still wearing that pretty bracelet—it looks like an Indian design," he said.

"Yes. Shall I confess something?"

One part of David—the hardy Northern strain—urged him to check any sort of confession at the moment, but keep to the topics of the weather and her literary aspirations. Margaret, who had not a Northern strain, continued :

"I haven't had it off my arm since you admired it yesterday."

He fingered the bracelet, and it seemed to him that she edged a little closer. But her head was still persistently turned as she continued to gaze into the fire. He knew that he could no longer resist the lure that the nape of her neck presented. His heart throbbed violently . . . he bent forward. With a sudden exclamation she jerked up her head.

The impact was sharp and severe. David received such a violent blow on the nose that he was almost stunned. She made no apology, but with an exclamation of dismay, pointed to the drawing-room door.

"Look?" she commanded.

Gingerly feeling his nose, he obeyed. A little pool of water was creeping under the door.

"It's the floods again," she said with a wail.

This was not so unusual as it might appear. There is not a place on the whole reaches of the Thames that suffers so much from the visitation of floods as Dalesbury. Perhaps there may be a prolonged rainfall in other parts of London that will pass almost unnoticed; and behold, on unfolding your newspaper, you will be surprised to read accounts of floods at Dalesbury, to see pictures of men navigating their way in boats down the main streets, delivering goods to residents in this manner, or residents themselves being helped out of upper windows to safety.

"Quick," continued Margaret. "Roll up the carpet, it's new. The other was ruined in the floods last autumn. And we must carry as much furniture as we can to the upper floor."

David worked as he had never done before. He dashed up the stairs with tables, rugs, chairs, books and pictures until the sweat poured from his brow. When the water had risen three feet it occurred to him to suggest telephoning for help.

"I never do," she said. "It's no use. What can anyone do until the water subsides, as it probably will in a few hours. You'd better come upstairs. It might not be safe down there much longer."

David walked dejectedly upstairs, peering over the bannisters. As the water continued to rise his spirits correspondingly sank.

"What on earth am I to do?" he demanded at last. "I must go to the office. It's imperative."

"It's impossible," she retorted promptly. "You might get away early to-morrow morning. They're sure to come round with a boat."

David shivered. He abhorred publicity under any conditions. Supposing he encountered the ubiquitous photographer! Supposing a picture of him being lowered from Margaret's bedroom were to appear in the newspapers! "I must get away even if I have to swim for it," he said desperately.

She looked reproachful. "But I can't be left alone. It's sure to happen on Ella's day out, too."

David saw that he could not abandon her. "What must we do?" he inquired dully.

"Sit in one of the upper rooms until it subsides." Evidently custom had made her philosophic.

She led the way into her room. They sat down on hard bedroom chairs and gazed at each other. Neither of them spoke, but the silence was no longer dangerous. The water continued to rise. And then another discomfort confronted them. The electric light failed.

"It always does affect the light—I ought to have got a lamp or laid in a supply of candles. How careless of me," she deplored.

David silently agreed as to her carelessness. They sat in darkness. As the night advanced Margaret suggested that he should go into one of the other bedrooms and try to get some rest; but in his state of suspense he knew this was impossible. Also, he was well aware that Margaret, in spite of

David was glad to observe no photographers were in sight, some excellent snaps went unrecorded as he lowered himself from the window by a rope of sheets.

her apparent philosophy, was nervous and would prefer not to be left. He persuaded her to lie down on the bed (though she protested that she would never sleep a wink) and continued his vigil seated on the hard bedroom chair.

He had a great deal of time for reflection, and his thoughts were not happy. That strange, inexplicable yearning for romance had flickered out, leaving him cold and disillusioned, probably compromised. The mere thought of this all-night vigil in Margaret's bedroom shamed him. How swiftly had he been punished for that deviation from the straight path. Barbara . . . who believed him to be honourably working in the office at that very moment . . . what would she say when he confessed everything to her? She wouldn't understand . . . perhaps would never forgive him.

His reflections were interrupted by a series of steady rhythmic snores from the bed. He started. David disliked people who snored, and Margaret was no mean performer in this direction. The night dragged on, and when dawn crept in at the casement windows it found David stiff and cramped, and Margaret still fast asleep with her mouth wide open.

About seven o'clock she sat up, rubbing her eyes. "Do you know, I believe I actually dozed off for a few minutes," she said.

They regarded each other with a look of distaste. She went up to the dressing table and began to brush her hair and powder. An intimate scene it was, he thought, but at the moment without a thrill. He wondered, nevertheless, what Barbara would say if she could have seen him then. Suddenly Margaret ran to the window and leaned out.

"They're bringing a boat!" She called, "Hi, there!"

"Will you be all right if I leave you now?" he asked. "I . . . I . . . ought to get away."

"Yes." An idea seemed to strike her for the first time. "Neighbours might think it strange seeing you here."

"I thought that too. Some people have such evil minds they'll misconstrue the most innocent appearances," David replied with a hint of sarcasm. He looked out of the window, glad to observe no photographer was in sight; and, indeed, some excellent snaps went unrecorded, for shortly afterwards David could have been seen lowering himself from the window by a rope of sheets.

There were others to be rescued, so that some time elapsed before he was finally set on dry land. After an hour's wait at the station and a dejecting journey in a slow train, he arrived home, just as Barbara was going down to breakfast. She stared at him in surprise.

"I thought you were asleep in your room. Why didn't you come home about two o'clock as usual? What kept you at the office?"

David could have snatched at this suggestion—invented a story of sudden pressure of work. It sometimes happened that he was detained the whole of the night at the office. But he did not intend to exploit this opportunity. In a low, firm voice he told the truth—how he had been to see Margaret and was trapped by the floods.

He could not, however, bring himself to look at his wife as he spoke. Would she forgive him this one lapse? He was doubtful. Had there been children he might have pleaded that there should be no parting on their account . . . He turned swiftly as a strange choking sound broke from her lips. Hysteria, no doubt.

"Barbara!"

She was laughing, her head thrown back, shaking with mirth. "Oh, you poor David," she said at last. "It's too funny."

"*Funny?*"

"Yes. Your being caught by the floods and caged in one room with that dreadful, boring woman for a whole night. No escape from her. What an experience. I suppose she talked incessantly?"

"N-no. She snored."

"That was better than her prattle, I should think. You've had a very harrowing experience, dear." She pinched his ear teasingly. "Run along to bed and I'll send up a nice breakfast and a hot water bottle."

David walked slowly upstairs, unfastening his collar as he went. He had just had a wonderful escape. Why, then, did he not look more cheerful?

"And it didn't occur to Barbara to be the least bit jealous," he thought as he surveyed himself in the dressing table mirror. He looked at himself again sulkily, and kicked off his boots in a temper.

Some men don't deserve their good luck.

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

"Every time, sure enough, she's been waiting at the gate for it."

How *He Knew* Women

SHORT SHORT STORY

Illustrated by W. J. Turner

OLD BEN MANDERS, the postman, sought solitude at Lovers' Bridge to revive past memories. The young man with the serious, sunburned face, did so to brood upon sad thoughts of the present. A puckish fate brought them together, thereby defeating Cupid at his own game.

There was nothing old Ben liked better than to slip into a comfortable jacket and, exchanging his stout walking boots for carpet slippers, to shuffle down to Lovers' Bridge and lean over the grey stone parapet while smoking his evening pipe.

As a rule he had the bridge to himself, but on this evening a young sunburned stranger had usurped old Ben's privileged position.

Few people could resist old Ben's pleasant, genial gossip when he was in form, and in spite of his disconsolate mood the young man gradually responded to the other's friendly overture as offering a temporary escape from his own dismal thoughts.

Old Ben was noted for his candour, and his gambit was blunt to a degree.

"I never like to see anyone brooding alone," he observed. "And a fine young fellow like you has no right to be moping here looking as if the skies had fallen just because some chit of a girl has had a difference of opinion with him."

The young stranger started.

"What do you know about it?" he queried.

"It's happened to me many a time, I can tell you. Especially when I was round about your age. There was some danged capricious girls in this village then, I recall. And some of 'em led me a pretty dance before I learned sense. I mind one in particular—a lass named Sally Lane, who broke a string of hearts and came nigh to breaking mine until I pulled myself together and vowed that I'd stand no more nonsense.

"We were engaged to be married, and I'd got my eye on a cottage, and was thinking about furniture and everything when I was transferred for a time to another district. I was only away a year, but in that time Sally had been consoling herself by flirting with anyone who happened along.

"But she doesn't make any secret of it. Oh dear no! When I got back she kept preaching about a city chap—we get a lot down here for the fishing—who had swept her off her feet and was sending her presents every week and promising to come down again next year.

"So I asked her to meet me down by the river just below Lovers' Bridge here. I chose this spot specially, because she'd kept harping on the fact that Claude used to fish here and she used to keep him company. I knew she'd come, because she'd cheek enough for twenty; and come she did.

"'Where's your fishing rod?' she asked, as pertly as you please.

"'Listen, Sally,' I told her, 'I don't need one to teach you a lesson!' And with that I picked her up and laid her across my knee and gave her the biggest spanking she'd had since she left the nursery!

"She didn't wail—she'd got too much spirit! But she flung off her ring and pointed to a tree trunk near by where Claude had carved a couple of hearts with their initials in them.

"'If *he* were here he'd teach you to lay your hands on me!' she screamed.

"'If he were here,' I answered, 'he'd be in the perishing river before he could say fish. And every time he climbed out I'd knock him back in again until he learned that no one can fool around with Ben Manders' girl.'

"'*Your* girl indeed! I'll never be your girl; I hate you!' And with that she stamped her little foot and turned round to go.

"'Wait a minute,' I called, taking out my jackknife, 'I haven't done yet.'

"She hung on sulkily, and I opened the blade, chipped off the bit of bark with Claude's fancy carving on it, flung that in the river.

"'And don't let's have any more foolishness,' I went on, 'we're going to be married next month and forget all about your precious Claude!'

"Well, in two minutes she was in my arms, and within a month she was my wife. She's been Mrs. Ben Manders ever since, and, believe it or not, there's never been any more misunderstandings of that sort between us."

The young man joined the other in his chuckles over this reminiscence, then looked suddenly grave.

"I've been interested in your story," he confessed. "And I know a lot of people subscribe to your 'treat 'em rough' theory; but I'm afraid it wouldn't work out in my case — you see, *my* case is different. In the first place, I'm not even engaged as you were, and instead of being away a year I've been away three; and instead of being away in another town I've been nearly five thousand miles away in South Africa. I've written to her every week while I've been away, and she's replied about once a month.

"Well, my last letter was to tell her that I was coming home and that I was longing to see her again. The moment I landed I sent a wire to say I'd be calling to-day. I did call, but she was out, and all she left me was a hasty, pencilled note to say that she was sorry she had a prior engagement, but perhaps I could call some other time. 'Some other time!'—when I've just come five thousand miles and rushed to see her at the earliest possible moment!"

Old Ben was far too good-natured to laugh at this ingenuous confidence; he removed his pipe and shook his head sagely.

"And is that all that's driven you here to brood over your sorrows?" he demanded, with an incredulous wag of the head.

"I haven't told you everything," the young man continued, "not that there's any reason why I should, of course; only, well, you began the conversation, you know, and I started blurting things out without realising it. I suppose I'm an ass really. Let's change the subject. You say the fishing's good here?"

But old Ben was not to be diverted.

"Tell me some more about this girl," he urged. "It seems to me you're getting faint-hearted for nothing."

"Oh no, I'm not," retorted the other. "You see, I made inquiries during the day, and found out what that prior engagement was—it was to go out riding with a man who is old enough to be her father! And she's been going about with this man for months, I find. He's expected to propose any day, and her people think it will be a splendid match. Everybody in the village says so. *She* must think so too.

The sunbronzed young man had worked himself up into a passionate fury while delivering himself of these confidences; but wise old Ben remained unmoved.

"Step in and win, young 'un! That's my advice!" he counselled. "You've got everything in your favour. Old enough to be her father, is he? Well, that puts you well up in the running for a start. *Expected* to propose, is he? Well, you do the *unexpected* and step in and pop the question before he gets a chance.

"It's not so easy as that, when you've got a wealthy rival," was the reply. "Think of the good times he's been giving her all these months; I couldn't hope to give her anything like that."

"Maybe she doesn't want it," argued the other. "Maybe she's just been gallivanting round to help fill in the time till your return. You step in and win, young 'un, I would if I were you. And I'd write a note straight away to say how sorry you were to miss her this morning, but that you'll be along bright and early to-morrow morning. If you post it in the village to-night, she'll be sure to get it first thing to-morrow. The moment you see her you want to snatch her in your arms and ask her to marry you. As I say, I'll wager any money she won't say no!"

"By jove, I'll try it!" cried the young man, fired at last by the other's persistent counselling.

"Good," murmured old Ben. "Bring her down here to the bridge at about the same time to-morrow night, and I'll give you both my blessing." With that he ambled back the way he had come, chuckling to himself as if over some private joke.

And what that joke was became apparent on the following evening when a very excited young couple, the flush of happiness radiant upon their features, greeted old Ben eagerly at Lovers' Bridge and gripped him warmly by the hand.

"You were right, you see," cried the young man gleefully. "She said 'yes' just as you declared she would. How you could have possibly imagined that there was an earthly chance for me I can't think."

Old Ben just chuckled.

The girl now laughed merrily and shook a reproving finger at him.

"Now, really, Mr. Manders, I don't know whether to be cross with you—or to hug you. There are lots of things I'm most curious to know. Harry, here, has told me all about your meeting last night, but I'm still completely in the dark. I can't think how you guessed it was *me* he was talking about, or how you could be so confident that I would say 'yes.' How *did* you guess?"

"There wasn't any guessing about it," old Ben replied knowingly. "I was as moral certain sure of it as I am of anything. You see, every week for long enough I've been carrying a letter with the South African postmark to a certain young lady. And every time, sure enough, she's been at the gate to take it from me. 'To save my poor old feet,' she said it was—but I knew better. *I haven't been a postman all my life without learning how a woman looks when she gets a letter from the man she loves!*"

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"I hope you don't mind, postman—we repainted it orange to match our paintwork."

"Now he wants to go to Spain and fight bull-fighters"

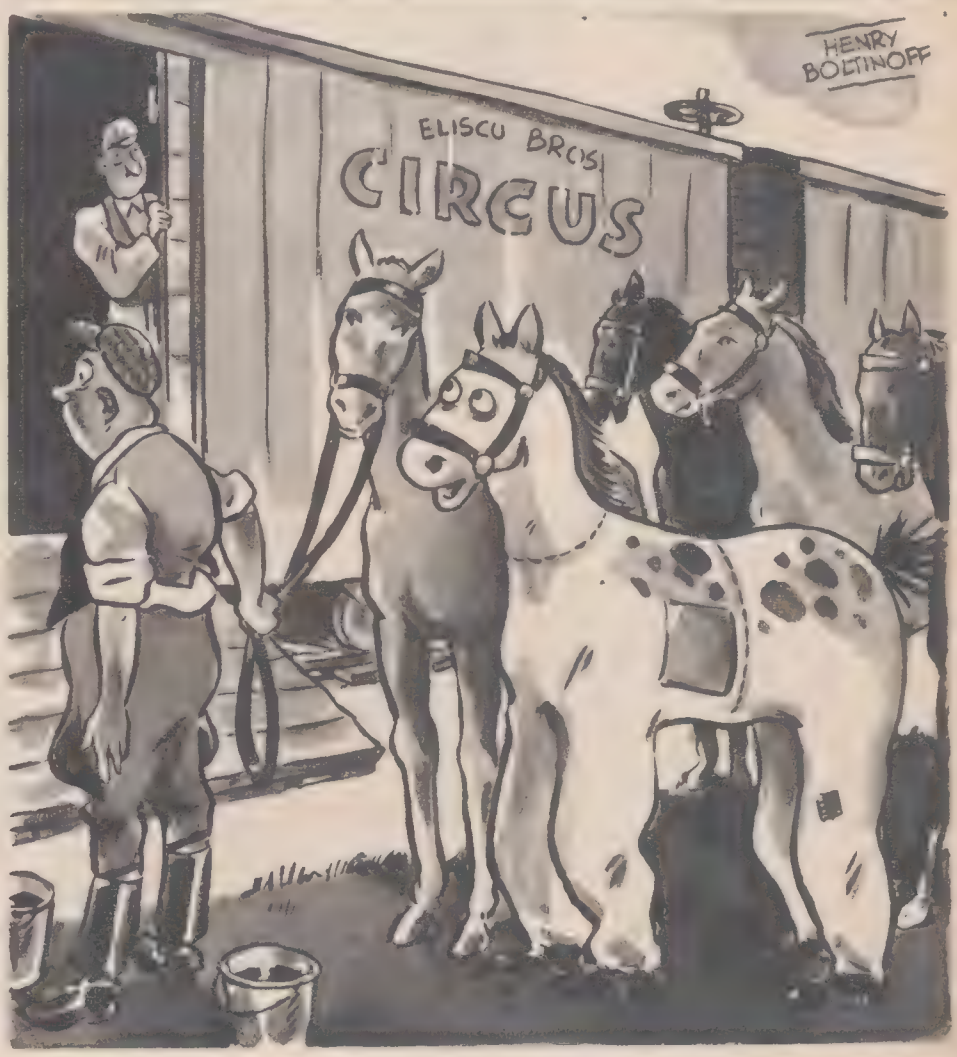
"Remember me? I'm the cashier that left your bank three years before you did!"

"Why *would* he buy a sheepdog?"

" Possibly you might be interested, sir—we are representatives of the following firms: The Mizpah Engagement & Wedding Ring Co., The White Heather Bride Cake Supply, Strong & Wearwell's Furniture House, and Biff & Tupman, the house and estate people."

A MAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT

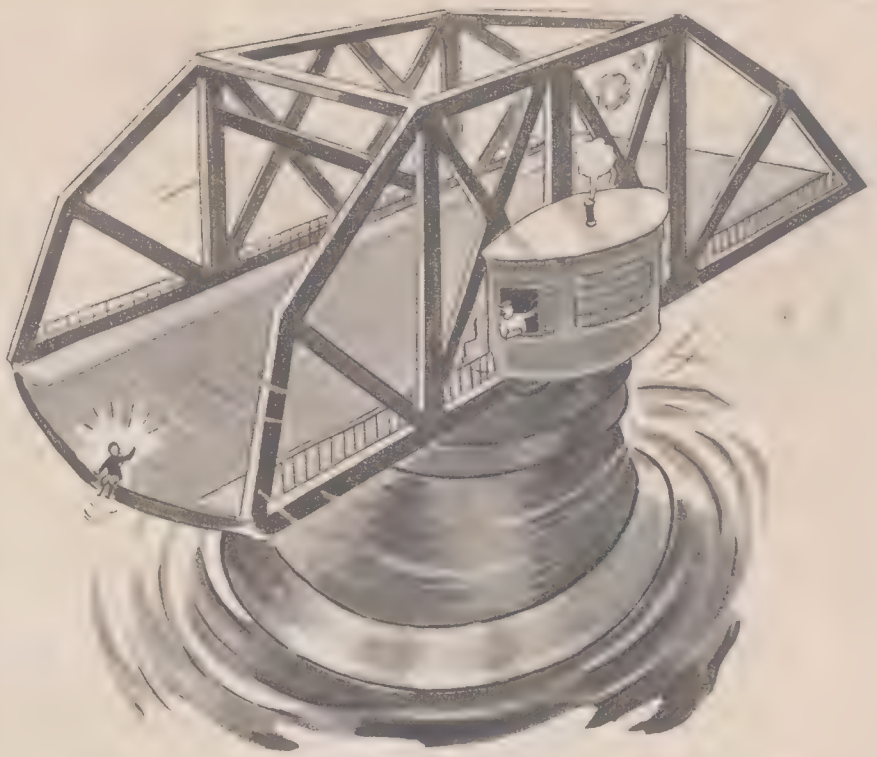
Devotion.



" Sh-h-h—I'm a stowaway."

by A. C. BARRETT

"That's the biggest trout I've ever caught, mon, and it was delicious!"



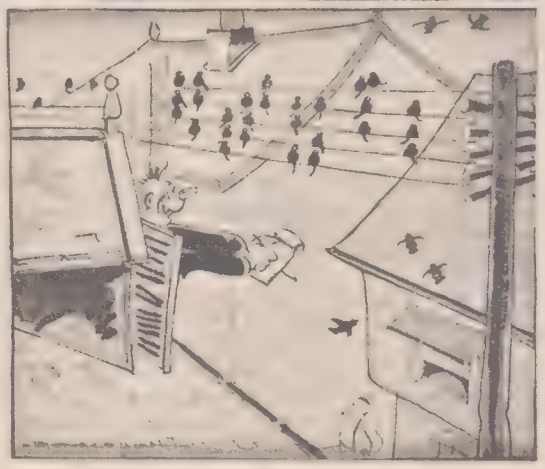
"Oh, come on, Dad, just one more ride before I go to school."

"It's only the plumber, gents."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

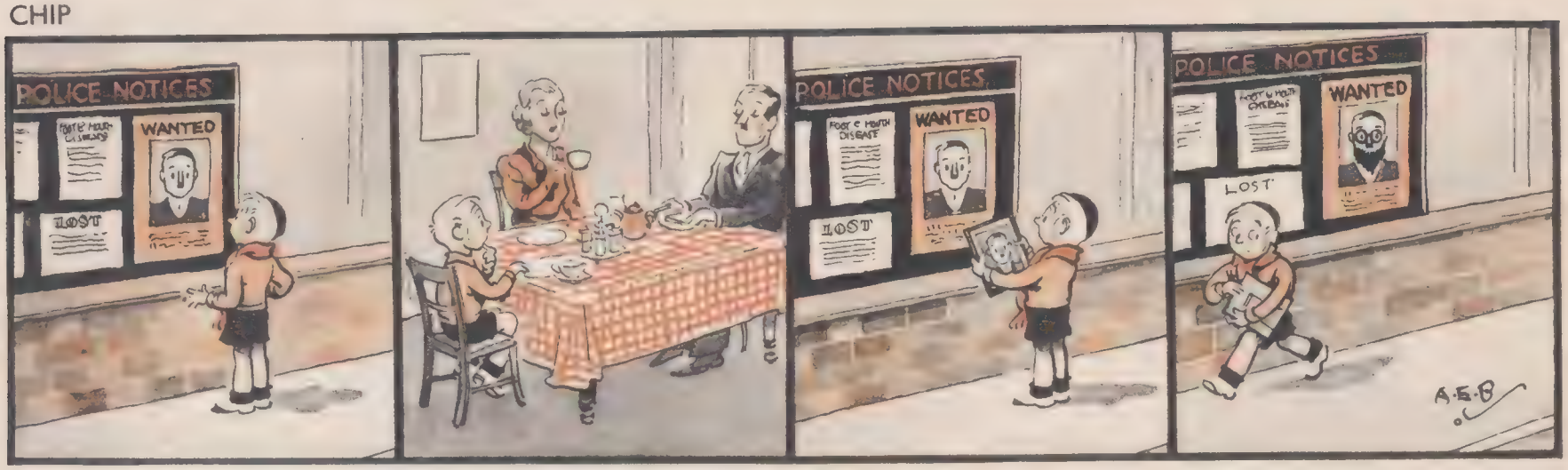
"Pamela, you cannot eat your jelly with a fork—you must put it on your bread."
"I tried that, but it would not stay—it was so nervous."
Lustige Kölner Zeitung, Cologne.

"Can you tell me a simple way of estimating the cost of living?"
"Yes, take what you earn and add twenty per cent."
Dagnes Nyheter, Stockholm.



The music writer gets an inspiration.
Smith's Weekly, Sydney

CHIP

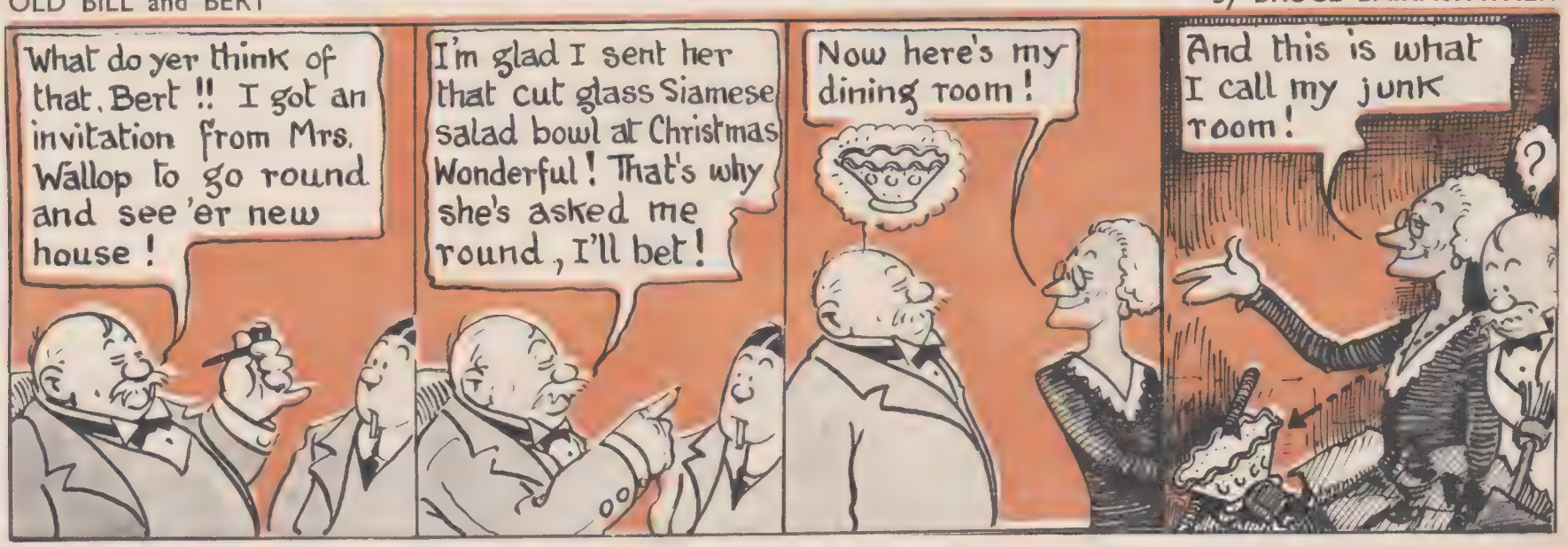


In me little bed I lie
Pleasant dreams I'm seeking
Comfy cosy-sleepy-bye
--Oh! d---! me bottle's leaking!

"'Ere y'are, sir—a real good glass-cutter for twopence"

OLD BILL and BERT

by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



Radiant with Bourn-vitality!

Because she takes

CADBURY'S BOURN-VITA FOR SLEEP AND ENERGY

He takes it— She takes it

Seagers Egg Flip is an unrivalled pick-me-up for young and old alike—warming, invigorating, and a perfect vitality restorer.
Its delicious flavour is due to the health-giving combination of the yolks only of guaranteed English new laid eggs, and the finest imported wines, scientifically blended to produce a pleasant and stimulating result. There's vitality **in every glass.**

SEAGERS EGG FLIP

THE BRACER THAT BUILDS YOU UP

5/6

PER FULL-SIZE BOTTLE

"THE LANCET" says—

"This 'flip' is a convenient and agreeable form of taking eggs. In addition it is an obvious food tonic which is available for consumption at a moment's notice, and therefore particularly suited for use in the sick room."

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER — ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN — FOR OVER 130 YEARS

LOST FAT

Without Even Trying To

Eats what she likes—when she likes

This woman was thoroughly out of sorts, she suffered with rheumatism, constipation and was for ever having colds. She tried all sorts of medicines and had given up hope of a real remedy. Then she tried Kruschen—what a change came over her! 'What a glorious feeling it is to be alive!' are her own words. And while Kruschen was remedying all her ills *she lost 20 pounds of fat* without even trying to. Read her whole story in her letter :—

'I suffered with chronic constipation, and spent no end on all sorts of medicine. Every week I would try something new to get relief, without lasting results. I felt cross and irritable and used to have one cold on top of the other, also rheumatism in my leg was very bad. In the morning when I got up I felt I would like to go back to bed again. Then one day I bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts just like I bought everything else, with not much faith. I took one dose, and I must say Kruschen has done for me what no other medicine has. What a glorious feeling it is to be alive! I had just one cold all the winter, but thanks to Kruschen, instead of a perpetual running nose my rheumatism got better, and in three months I lost over 20 pounds of fat without even trying to, and I eat what I like, and when I like.'

Mrs. D. C., Middlesex.

The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes, but surely. The pains of rheumatism ease and finally cease.

Get a 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts at your chemist's (lasts four weeks), and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.

Travel in germy atmospheres
Free from chest and throaty fears

Go—suck a

ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest.'

In flat tins, 3d. and 6d.

2½d per ounce loose.

As Advertised

Illustrated by Clive Upton

June 1, 1935.

DEAR MISS X.

In the personal column of the *Weekly Literary Review* I've just read your advertisement in which you say you're a girl of twenty-three, a stranger in London, and would welcome correspondence as well as friendship with an intelligent and personable young man under thirty.

All right.

For years and years I've been reading ads. of this kind in the *Review's* columns. Often I've wondered what, exactly, prompted such public prayers for letters. Is it that you're a sensitive, lonely creature, pining away for companionship in some secluded boarding-house room? That's hard to believe. The *Weekly Literary Review* caters to a more sophisticated and hard-boiled type of reader, I think—the kind, in fact, who'd scoff with superior disdain at the sort of advertisement you inserted. Please don't think I'm taking a cynical attitude towards you. I'm not. But I'm frankly curious and I'd welcome a reply.

As for myself, whether or not I'm the type of man you had in mind when you advertised, I can't say. The facts about me are these: I'm twenty-eight and employed as an associate editor in a publishing firm. I'm unmarried, unattached, and passably personable. My indoor tastes run to theatres, books, and films, with an occasional concert thrown in; my outdoor tastes include tennis, swimming, and the bridle paths of Surrey. If you feel I'm the kind of man you'd like to correspond with, please drop me a note addressed to Box B/42 at the *Weekly Literary Review*.

Y.

June 3, 1935.

DEAR MR. Y.

I've just received your letter in answer to my advertisement in the *Weekly Literary Review*. It was very kind of you to write, and I imagine it might be quite pleasant to know you and continue this correspondence.

But I'm afraid it won't do.

Please don't construe this as any criticism of yourself. It isn't. The truth is that I tossed bait into the sea in the hope of catching one sort of fish, and I've caught the wrong kind.

Since you work for a publisher you will, I hope, sympathetically understand my confession. No, I'm not a stranded creature pining away, etc. It happens that I'm a writer. I'm planning a novel whose theme will be based on the sort of advertisement I inserted in the *Weekly Literary Review*. It's to be a love story of two lonely souls in London who meet through the medium of an advertisement similar to mine.

What I hoped to get was a communication from some would-be Romeo with whom I could correspond and out of whose letters I might perhaps create one of the characters in my novel. You, unfortunately, are not at all the type I had in mind. With your good job and your many outside interests you're obviously not the forlorn, lonely specimen I'm planning to study. So, if you'll try to understand and forgive, I think we'd better bring our correspondence to a close with this.

Sincerely,

MISS X.

June 5, 1935.

DEAR MISS X.

So that's it.

I must admit your manner of gathering material for a novel seems ingenious enough. On the other hand, I think you're doing something most unfair to the forlorn, lonely chap you hope to trap into revealing his soul. Why, after all, do you have to resort to this means of research? Haven't you ever met any lonely man? Haven't you any imagination?

What's more, the sort of novel you're planning doesn't strike me as being particularly original. As a matter of truth, during the course of my editorial work I've read manuscripts of the same kind time after time. Usually they're quite shallow. I hope you're not going to turn out another of these feeble, ineffectual tales about feeble, ineffectual people.

Excuse me if I sound scornful, but I must repeat I believe you're doing something wholly unfair to the honest, groping, lonely individual who may yet, in the best of faith, reply to your advertisement.

Severely,

Y.

June 7, 1935.

DEAR MR. Y.

So you think I'm unfair, do you? You, of all people, to say a thing like that. You, who admittedly answered my advertisement in a spirit of curiosity and not because you honestly desired correspondence with another lonely soul.

My system of research may be cruel as you put it, but is it any more heartless than your attitude? You, who were ready to examine under a microscope some pitiful, lonely little girl merely for the satisfaction of your own futile speculations about her?

Perhaps it's just as well that we understand each other now. I think the wisest thing we can do before we drift into useless argument is to close the exchange of letters. Please don't write to me again.

MISS X.

June 9, 1935.

DEAR MISS X.

Believe it or not, I'm beginning to like you.

When your last letter arrived, I could distinctly picture your reaction to my scolding note, and the vision made me sit back and chuckle.

There you were reading my criticism of your research methods. I could see you jump up from your chair, your lovely young face flushed in anger. I could see you stride back and forth across your study exclaiming, "The impertinence of the man! The impudence of him! Who does he think he is, criticising me?" With an impatient hand you flung back your disarrayed hair. You lit a cigarette, took a couple of deep puffs, then crushed it furiously in a tray. And while the passion

I sat down opposite her: she was watching me closely.

by OSCAR SCHISGALL

of resentment was still boiling in you, you sat right down at your typewriter and pounded out a stiff, knockout reply.

Really, Miss X, that vision made you seem more real and human and delightful than anything else I've discovered in our correspondence. Not write to you again? Come, come. I think it would be a shame to let this unique beginning peter out into nothingness.

By the postmarks on your letters I see that you, too, live in London. I don't want to embarrass you by asking you to tell mé your name now, unless you do so of your own accord. But don't you think it might be fun and adventure if we met —say for dinner on Saturday night—and discussed our differences of opinion over one of Zardi's steaks?

How about it? Y.

June 11, 1935.

DEAR MR. Y.

Until your last letter arrived I had a mental picture of you which is probably all wrong. I always visioned you as being a stern young man with spectacles, a little thin of hair, round-shouldered, and too bony to be handsome. The schoolmaster type. Severe. Your letters were so critical that I decided you must be a pedantic prig in whom I couldn't possibly find any genuine interest.

This last note of yours, however, makes me doubt my former estimate. For one thing, it's cheerful, and I didn't think you capable of cheerfulness. For another, it's pleasant. And I never thought of you as being a particularly pleasant sort of individual. And then, to cap it all, you speak of steak at Zardi's.

I love steak and I like Zardi's.

It happens, however, that a great many of my friends eat there quite often. If I should go there with you, the chances are I'd be seen by quite a few people I know. And I'm really particular about the men with whom I'm seen. Vanity, if you like, but it's the truth. Moreover, I have a faint suspicion that your original description of yourself wasn't altogether true. You probably wrote what you did in order to prod an eager reply out of the lonesome boarding-house girl who inserted the advertisement in the *Weekly Literary Review*.

So, before I say yes or no, will you write me a more accurate account of yourself?

Miss X.

June 13, 1935.

DEAR MISS X.

What would be the use of telling you I'm young, handsome, thrilling, and clever—a brilliant conversationalist, a superb swordsman, and a diplomat? I'm quite willing to let you see all this for yourself.

Saturday evening at six o'clock I shall come into the reception hall of the Hotel Merrimac. You will recognise me easily enough, I imagine, by the cane I shall carry—really an unusual cane. It's a malacca I picked up in Majorca a couple of years ago, and its handle is carved so that it terminates in the head of a dog. I shall sit with the cane between my knees, its dog-head clearly revealed to the world.

Look at me when you enter. Surreptitiously, of course. If you decide I come up to specifications, simply drop your purse as you pass my chair. I shall pick up the purse instantly and proceed to be delightfully entertaining for the rest of the evening.

If, on the other hand, you don't care for my appearance or the dog-head or the steak, don't bother dropping the purse. Simply proceed on your way.

Fair enough?

Y.

June 15, 1935.

DEAR MR. Y.

Fair enough. Saturday night —the day after to-morrow—at six.

Miss X.

June 18, 1935.

EDITOR,
The Weekly Literary Review,
11 Flint Street, London.

DEAR SIR:

It seems to me that your magazine, in common with other supposedly responsible publications, owes certain considerations to the readers of your advertisements. Don't you ever *investigate* the people who insert ads. in your personal columns? Or are those columns open to any charlatan and impostor who has enough money to buy a few lines?

I recently replied to one of your advertisers only to discover, to my chagrin and fury, that I was being made the butt of a cheap, offensive, and utterly disgusting practical joke. The advertisement in question, signed merely X, purported to be in good faith. I don't care to embarrass myself here by giving you a detailed account of my experience. But I do assert most vehemently that you owe it to your readers to check up on your advertisers.

Truly yours,
JAMES NORTON.

June 18, 1935.

DEAR MISS X.

If after what happened at the Hotel Merrimac last night you still want to be known as "Miss X," it's all right with me.

Ordinarily, I think, I have a fairly good sense of humour. I'm easy-going, peaceful, calm. But I don't mind telling you that, in the reception hall of the Hotel Merrimac yesterday, I came pretty close to losing my temper completely and to taking a wild swing at your damned red nose. The chances are that if there hadn't been so many people in the lobby I *would* have flattened that nose of yours —like a pancake.

I like a bit of fun as well as the next fellow. I don't even mind if the fun is at my expense. But I *do* resent your deliberate attempt to make a fool of me in public.

After all, I entered into this correspondence without the slightest suspicion that every word you wrote me was a lie. Maybe you wondered on Saturday night why I was so slow in recognising you and your trickery. As long as you're gloating to-day, you may as well pride yourself over the whole story.

The truth is this:

When I entered the Hotel Merrimac, almost the first person I saw was a glorious girl in grey tweeds, seated between the potted palms. She wore one of those ridiculous hats that slant over the right eye, and her other eye was constantly watching the door. She was one of the loveliest creatures I'd ever seen, and at the sight of her, I don't mind telling you, my hopes shot far up into the stratosphere.

She was fondling a very pretty purse. As I sat down opposite her, expectantly, I displayed the dog-head of my cane. She was watching me so closely that I felt quite certain of myself—and of her. In fact, I was on the point of crossing to her without giving her the trouble of going through all the hocus-pocus of dropping the purse. But just as I started to get up, she, too, rose.

Then lots of things happened all at once. First, a man entering the lobby went

(*Continued overleaf*)

Makes steps to health

ARE YOU CONDITIONING YOUR DOGS CORRECTLY

MAKE SURE OF THIS BY GIVING THEM

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

A few reasons why you should rely on "Benbow's" as your conditioner:—

1. It has been used by dog owners for over a hundred years with wonderful success.
2. Owners write to us voluntarily and tell us the improvement it makes in the condition of their dogs.
3. Being a liquid it is so easy to administer.
4. Your dogs only require a dose once or twice a week to keep them in condition.

No Dog Owner should be without "BENBOW"

From **1/6** *per Bottle*

Of Chemists and Corn Merchants everywhere

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO. LTD.
Dept. P.S., 2 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

What bliss Rowntree's are! Lime and lemon—plum, apricot, gooseberry and tangerine. Strawberries and raspberries, too! And blackcurrants! (*Try them between smokes!*)

DON'T FORGET! Rowntree's Fruit Clear Gums (*Hard*) and Fruit Pastilles (*Medium*) are sold loose, 6d. per ¼ lb.; in packets, 2d., 3d. and 6d. Juicy-Fruits (*Soft*), 6d. per ¼ lb. & in packets, 6d.

Gar. 3 PS

THE SKINNY LIFELESS GIRL HAS NO CHANCE

Is there such a thing as love at first sight? Yes. It is the immediate response of two healthy, pulsating beings to each other. It is the mutual recognition of strong vitalities.

But the girl who has "hollows," whose skin is heavy and lacking life, who can neither arouse interest nor respond to it, must lose the greatest thrill in life—the romance of love. Such girls should break their bad luck by taking a course of Clotabs.

A WIRELESS CURRENT OF ATTRACTIVENESS

Clotabs help you to acquire lovely curves, a natural lustre to the eye, a skin alive with healthy blood. But they do more. They give that "wireless current" of attractiveness which people recognise as soon as you approach.

People say "she is magnetic"; "she has such appeal." It is hard to express, but there is no miracle about it. The "magnetism" comes from the vitality of a strongly beating heart, from lustrous eyes, from the rich blood coursing in the skin. It is the invisible working of Nature showing in a visible way.

The Great Modern Vitaliser

Clotabs are as easy to take as a sweet. They are the pleasantest form of Halibut Liver Oil. The essential vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil are there—active, intact—but there is no oil to the taste, and they can't upset the stomach.

The vitamins in Clotabs are a positive corrective in cases of thinness, anæmia, malnutrition, underweight and general debility. If Clotabs fail to add 3 lbs. of firm healthy flesh in a month your money is refunded.

Get a 1/3 or 3/- bottle from the chemist today.

CLOTABS

BRAND

Halibut Liver Oil Extract Tablets

Made by Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

The gleaming brightness of her hair she owes to NESTLÉ COLORINSE, which she uses after every shampoo.

Such natural hair beauty can be yours by using ColoRinse It makes beautiful hair even more beautiful and restores to drab and faded hair its lost colour sheen.

12 lovely shades from chemist or hairdresser. If in doubt as to the most suitable shade enclose a cutting of your hair and write to :

C. NESTLÉ & CO., LTD.

48 SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1

6d PER PACKET CONTAINING COLORINSE TREATMENTS 2

NESTLÉ ColoRinse

Continuing As Advertised

straight to the girl. He took off his hat, shook hands with her, and I realised with a collapse of hope that I'd been wrong. She hadn't been waiting for me at all. She'd been waiting for this other fellow. They walked away together.

I'd scarcely adjusted myself to this first disappointment when I heard something thud on the carpet at my feet. I blinked down to see—a wallet.

A man's wallet.

Then I looked up and saw you grinning at me—you, *a man!*

If you were a decent-looking sort of chap, I shouldn't have minded so much. I might even have laughed and had a drink with you. But there you stood—fat, baldish, grinning, enjoying my discomfiture. You said, "Hello, Mr. Y. Have I kept you waiting long?"

In that moment I knew exactly what authors mean when they write of "seeing red."

There you were—a writer who'd been seeking material for a novel by deliberately inserting a false ad., a man who'd been trying to drag his fellow men into foolish self-revelation.

Why I *didn't* take a sock at your red nose, I still don't understand. Certainly I felt like doing it. I felt like telling you a few things, too. But as I started to speak, there were so many people watching us—or at any rate, so it seemed to me—that I decided it wasn't worth while making a public scene. Besides, the girl in grey was watching, too. That's why I turned and walked out of the hotel without saying a word to you. I don't mind telling you I was boiling, and still am.

But I can't resist the impulse to write this final note and to tell you I'll find great and thorough pleasure in bouncing a fist off your face if you'll meet me again—anywhere you say and at any tme.

JAMES NORTON.

The Weekly Literary Review
London.

June 20, 1935.

Mr. James Norton,
23 Derrick Street, London.

DEAR MR. NORTON,

We deeply regret the unfortunate experience to which you were led by a spurious advertisement in our personal columns. It is our custom to investigate thoroughly every questionable ad. sent to us. I can recall no recent advertisement, however, which can be regarded as doubtful.

If you will be good enough to write us further details, I shall be glad to look into the matter at once. I find that seven advertisements during the past two months were signed X. May I request an early reply?

Truly yours,
HOWARD C. MULHAUSEN,
Advertising Manager.

June 20, 1935.

DEAR MR. NORTON,

When your indignant letter of the 18th reached me, I didn't blame you for wanting to flatten somebody's nose. Ever since the Merrimac incident on Saturday night I've been feeling the same impulse myself. Before you swing your fists at anybody, however, let me assure you that everything I wrote to you was *not* a lie. I hardly imagine you're sufficiently interested in this silly affair now to want to carry it on any further. So I won't bother you with detailed explanations. I'll say only this:

The man with the red nose was not the X of the advertisement. He simply crashed in on the party. As for Miss X—I am and have always been a girl.

Please accept my apologies for what happened at the Merrimac. We should never have chosen that hotel of all places for a meeting. It's frequented by too many literary people—people I know.

Yours in regret,
MISS X.

June 22, 1935

DEAR MISS X.

A girl?

Either you're still trying to be funny or you owe me a longer explanation.

What is all this, anyhow?

JAMES NORTON.

June 24, 1935.

DEAR MR. NORTON,

As long as you asked for facts, you're going to get them. Here they are:

On Saturday afternoon, just as I was planning to go out to meet you, my brother unexpectedly arrived from Edinburgh. He's much older than I. He's married, has several children and a red nose, and visits London regularly once a year. He insisted on my having dinner with him that evening. When I persistently refused, not wishing to break my engagement with you, he became suspicious, laughingly accused me of being in love, asked me who you were.

Well, I couldn't tell him. Not even your name. All I could do, in a kind of surrender, was show him your letters. They weren't in any way harmful, and I didn't think you'd object.

When he read them he laughed as only my brother can laugh. Then he insisted on coming along to the Hotel Merrimac to witness the fun. I did everything in my power—please believe me!—to dissuade him. But if you knew my brother, you'd realise how impossible such a thing was.

Anyhow, he came along.

Yes, I was the girl in the grey tweeds you saw between the potted palms, the girl with the ridiculously slanted hat. I hope that makes you feel a little easier.

The instant you entered, I spied the cane with the dog-head. The sight of you, I don't mind confessing, was a distinct surprise and a pleasure. You really looked very nice. As you sat down, I was on the point of going toward you, when Randolph Carter, my publisher, of all people!—came into the Merrimac and saw me.

Mr. Carter came to me at once and shook hands. My brother, who was watching from a corner of the lobby, suddenly realised I couldn't launch a deliberate flirtation, or effect a meeting such as you and I had planned, in the presence of Randolph Carter. He knows Mr. Carter is a very correct and puritanical sort of person. He'd never have understood such nonsense.

I hoped desperately you'd wait while I got rid of Carter. My hope was that Carter would say good-bye quickly.

My brother, meanwhile, felt that the whole meeting had been ruined by Carter's appearance. So, having a distorted and demoniac sense of humour, as you've discovered for yourself, he decided to have a bit of fun on his own. He deliberately passed your chair and dropped the wallet.

If only you'd given him a chance to explain. I'm sure he would have done it eventually—after a hearty laugh. But you didn't. You lost your temper, swung around, and strode out of the hotel before Bert could say a word. I'm awfully sorry you felt humiliated. Please forgive Bert.

Sincerely,
CAROLYN LOWE.

June 25, 1935.

Mr. Howard C. Mulhausen,
Advertising Manager,
The Weekly Literary Review,
11 Flint Street, London.

DEAR MR. MULHAUSEN,

Concerning our correspondence about the spurious personal advertisement signed X.

Forget it. Drop the whole business. My mistake. I apologise.

Truly yours,
JAMES NORTON.

June 25, 1935.

DEAR CAROLYN,

I hope the roses which accompany this note will in some measure make up for the damn fool letters I wrote you. I might have known the girl in grey—the glorious one between the potted palms—had to be you. I've just found your address in the telephone book and shall be ringing your doorbell half an hour after these flowers arrive.

Steak at Zardi's?

JIM.

The Weekly Literary Review
July 29, 1935

PERSONAL COLUMN

House Wanted: Literary couple, author and editor, desire small house in country for rest of the summer. What have you to rent?

XY.

Passing Slips

Half a crown will be paid to the sender of each "Slip" published. Actual cuttings must be sent. If more than one reader submits the same "Slip" prize will be awarded to first opened. Address "Slips," PASSING SHOW, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

What Happened on Tuesday?—"On *Monday*, with the rain teeming down on one of the wettest *Sunday* mornings that Worcester has experienced for years, it seemed unlikely that many would turn out."—*Worcestershire Advertiser.*

At Election Times It's Mostly Gas.—"Our *electrical* system is a bulwark of democracy, and it is a pity that so many people think so little of their responsibility in this matter."—*Belfast Telegraph.*

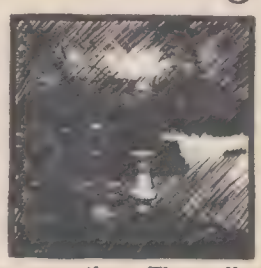
Well Entrenched.—"Danakil tribesmen of the army of Ras Seyrum were entrenched behind *earthquakes* to resist the invaders."—*News Chronicle.*

Two Cigarettes in the Dark?—"Irene Dunne plays effortlessly and sings the haunting 'Smoke Gets in *Four* Eyes.'"—*Wallasey and Wirral Chronicle.*

Is This a Record?—"The spectators numbered 75,000,000 at the start."—*Chepstow Football Argus.*

Country Cameos — *by S. L. Bensusan*

Winter Night



RED dawn, after looking out of the east for a moment to see what the world was like, had retired hurriedly; the artillery of the south-west wind had put up a barrage from which there was no escape for man, beast or bird. Later, waterproof coat and gum-boots strove in vain to protect me along a road we seek in all weathers, even the dogs could not enjoy exercise.

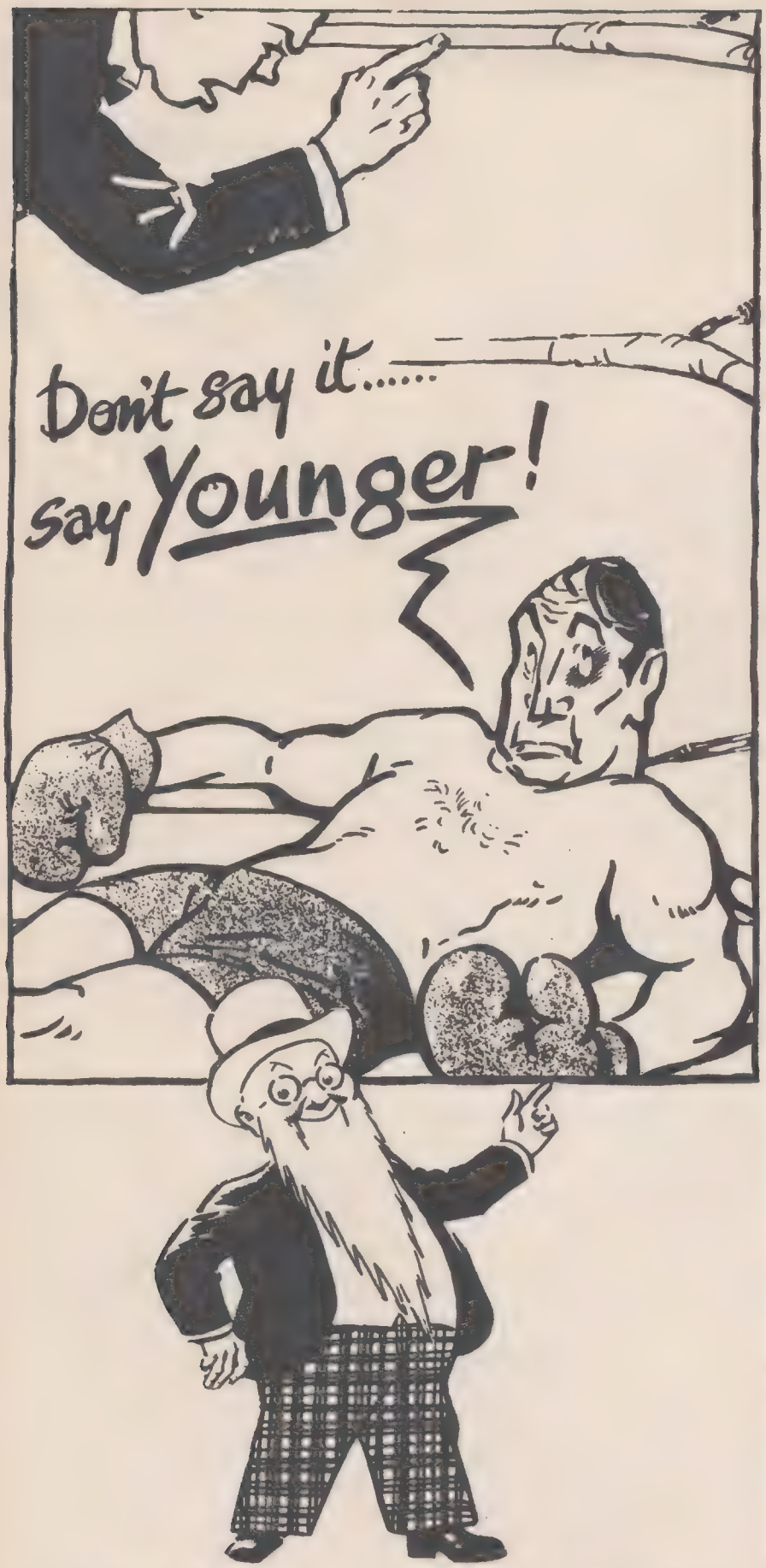
I returned to the study, and with brief interval for lunch lost myself in work until it was time to turn on the light and, just by chance, looked to the wood as a couple of pheasants rose from a little poaching expedition to the vegetable garden and flew across. They would seek high branches of evergreens and the weather would have its way with them from dusk to daylight.

A pair of magpies went up into a Douglas fir at the garden end, over the valley came flocks of wild wood pigeons, doubtless hungry, for this is the season of shortage. They arrived in successive waves to light on topmost branches of bare trees, drop down to lower ones and huddle together as though for warmth; I don't think there is actual contact.

A few rabbits would jump the wires and eat sodden grasses; only a few hours before a strip of skin and two hind feet had revealed the fate of one the fox caught. They tell you foxes do not call in winter, but the low bark of a dog and the higher-pitched reply of the vixen are familiar round here.

An owl had followed a rat or mouse into the pigeon loft, frightened birds were resting under an eave; they, too, would have neither warmth nor shelter. And the rats that have invaded the workshop from the wood; there was nothing but trouble before them: poisoned food was set in their runs.

So I know of misery or discomfort in the night for all save squirrel, hedgehog, dormouse, and a few other living things that are hardly alive. It was well to draw the curtains and forget.



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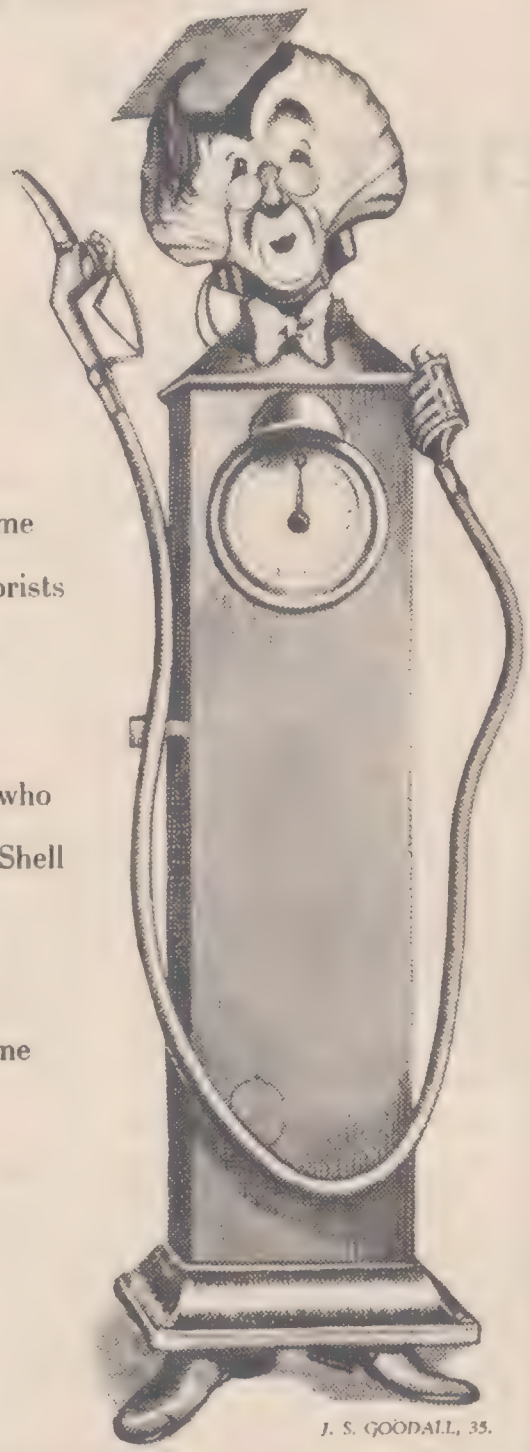
FUELISH ADVICE FOR 1936



You can fuel
all motorists
some of the time
and some motorists
all of the time

But motorists who
always choose Shell
as their fuel
will be fooled
none of the time

J. S. GOODALL, 35.

—YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

These Women

German peasant women stacking peat.

SPEND even a short time abroad and you are forced to the conviction, which deepens with every successive visit, that the Continental woman works far harder and for longer hours than the Englishwoman. Families are larger; more is expected of the mother, and there are fewer labour saving devices.

The day starts earlier too. When the children have to be at school by 7.0 or 7.30 in summer the housewife has done half a morning's work by the time we are up. The rhythmic thud of mat and carpet beating will waken the foreign sluggard at a very early hour, and the bedding is spread out to air at the windows by the time we are thinking of breakfast.

Breakfast over, even the well-off or professional woman will still do her own marketing, just like the ordinary housewife who goes from stall to stall of clean, fresh vegetables and fruit, comparing prices, buying her odd pennyworths here and there, calling at the butcher's and grocer's, and finally carrying all her heavy unwieldy bundles uncomplainingly home with her.

For the Continental woman is far less exacting than we are. Only the most expensive shops will send parcels home, and even they will often make an extra charge for delivery. The foreigner coming over here can scarcely believe it possible to do a whole morning's shopping and still walk about at the end of it unencumbered. As for telephoning an order to the butcher or expecting the greengrocer's cart to call, well, that may do for us but not for her!

In these days a servant is a luxury, even though much easier to find than here, and when the mistress of the house has carried her provisions home she will probably cook them herself. The maid, if there is one, will have quite enough to do elsewhere. There are no open fires to make work and dirt, but every room has its stove to be attended to, its huge white doors to keep clean, its expanses of floor to polish, double casement windows that no window cleaner ever touches.

Bread is bought, either in the small rolls with which we are familiar, or in enormous loaves made from dark flour, but everything else is cooked at home. Tinned foods are still almost unknown. Ready-to-eat provisions are just beginning to come in but only in the biggest towns, and are regarded as picnic or holiday fare, not as substitutes for the real business of eating.

What washing is not done at home is usually handed in at the shop and called for again. The old habit of having such inexhaustible stocks of linen that it was only necessary to have a washing day three or four times a year has died out with changing times, but everything is still washed at home in the majority of Continental families.

In the big blocks of flats there are strict rules as to when each tenant may hang out her washing in the courtyard or garden: another matter that falls within the province of the resident caretaker, male or female.

Every big town now has many new houses on the outskirts but blocks of flats are still the most usual way of living, and there is much to be said for this concentration of dwelling quarters which leaves the country unspoilt and accessible. Our little individual gardens are almost unknown, but gay window-boxes and little balcony gardens take away the severity of the big buildings; even in the main streets there are often communal gardens behind the austere frontages.

A whole house and garden to oneself is an ideal almost impossible of attainment in most European towns. Thus the European outlook is very different from that of the British, whose family life centres round the home and garden.

Partly by temperament and partly through lack of the facilities we have for hire purchase, whether of house, car or wireless, the Continentals prefer to spend on small and frequent pleasures—the evening visit to a café, the Sunday excursion—the amounts that the British lay aside for the more permanent possession.

And young couples have not the pressing need to save up for their children's education, because it is almost a universal rule that children pass first of all through the public elementary schools.

Continental women walk far more than we do—parcels and all! This is partly because short distance fares on the trams (still much more usual than buses) are only just coming in. Even where they have been introduced, you may be required to stand, for transport abroad has not yet got to the stage of always throwing in a seat for the small fare. Our cheap quick, luxurious transport is years ahead of even Paris or Berlin.

In the home itself one has to go a step higher in the social scale to get the comfort we in Great Britain take for granted. Easy chairs and soft cushions are the exception. Parquet floors are far commoner than thick carpets.

For the working woman, skilled or unskilled, business or professional, things are even more difficult on the Continent now than here. The same old arguments and pretexts crop up. Woman's place is the home; wifehood and motherhood are her highest tasks. If she goes back to the home, insinuate her opponents, man can afford to marry her.

And as at home women are often the bitterest enemies of women. Yet, curious as it may seem, one meets more married women working abroad than here. Even in Germany and Austria the married woman is allowed to work if the joint income does not reach a living wage. It is as if there were a tacit assumption that the married woman is only going on working until her husband can support her.

However much truth there is in this convenient assumption, it is very striking to find that the only successful women abroad are married women. One never comes across the numerous unmarried women one knows in England, leading their own busy, comfortable lives in self-contained fashion and, outwardly at any rate, content with what they have achieved for themselves. Decidedly Great Britain is a better country for the spinster.

The tendency nowadays, of course, is to flock to the safe occupations. Parents with growing daughters prefer them to become nurses or kindergarten teachers rather than doctors or secondary school mistresses, if only because no one can

SERVICE
for Women Readers

Your next issue of "Passing Show" will be dated February 8. By then the worst of winter is behind and spring is distantly in sight.

And that means spring-cleaning, spring fashions, talk of the first holidays.... For advice on these and all other practical problems of feminine interest, write to the Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Out shopping in Austria.

WOMAN to WOMAN

by Ellen Dorothy Abb

Russian housewives interrupt their marketing to watch a vendor of knitting machines.

Work Harder

foresee what occupations will still be open to women in two or three years' time. One must constantly have an eye on new regulations.

It is not the cheap worker, of course, who is so hard hit by present conditions; it is the skilled woman who has had a long and expensive training, and whose work should be correspondingly better paid. She is the sufferer every time, since every post where a family could live on the salary is pretty sure to go to a man. Many University women are glad to take anything they can get, from cooking to looking after babies, only to be told by their own sex how much better off they are than their male fellow-students, who cannot turn *their* hand to anything as a woman can!

Working hours, always longer than ours, grow longer and longer. There are so many taxes and contributions to pay that the employer overworks his shorthanded staff rather than take on new people. But those who have a post dare not protest: it is only too easy to replace them.

Working conditions may be bad here and there in old buildings but, as a rule, Continental offices are large, light and airy, space not being so precious as with us, where office staffs are often expected to work in dark and airless basements that no factory inspector would pass. Office equipment is often more up to date than household.

The same filing systems, calculating and duplicating machines, addressographs and typewriters are met with everywhere, but it would take an English typist some time to get used to a keyboard where y and z have changed places. Our time-wasting fractions, unnecessary in countries using the metric system, are replaced by the equally time-wasting accented letters.

In German-speaking countries shorthand speed is reckoned in syllables, not words. This is understandable with a language in which one may at any time come across a word like *Rundspruchteilnehmerangelegenheiten* (matters concerning listeners in), which is eleven syllables but only one word. Two hundred syllables a minute is a good average speed.

It is amusing to find that the much maligned but distinctly useful office boy is very much of an English institution. Continental girls who have worked in London will complain bitterly on their return when they have to break off to do all the odd jobs themselves.

Our tea-interval is unknown, of course, but there is very often a canteen where a cheap lunch can be obtained and to which workers can adjourn for a break during the long morning.

Otherwise lunch in the big towns is a problem usually solved by bringing something from home, for there are none of our cheap tea-shops, and salaries are not high enough for restaurant charges—unless there is an automatic restaurant near, where you choose your food from the glass cases, insert your coins and get a quick and satisfying meal for a few pence.

It is a constant marvel to the English observer how shop girls and typists abroad manage to have any life of their own. Our bachelor women seem persons of leisure in comparison. The general rule is a minimum eleven hours absence from home; yet these girls manage to keep healthy, good tempered and obliging.

One advantage the Continental girl has on her side. She nearly always lives at home, and it is still possible to get a mending or sewing woman—not the same as a dressmaker, who is a skilled worker and often requires a qualifying diploma—to come in regularly and go through the family belongings, repairing and renovating where necessary.

Yet this non-severance from home life, satisfactory as it is from many points of view, makes further inroads into the leisure of the office or shop worker because she must also do her own share of the housework.

Far more is expected of her than of the corresponding class here, whose life in hostels or lodgings relieves them of all domestic cares except their own washing and ironing. But even then, in the little time left her, the Continental girl will always find time nowadays for sport and the open air life.

Domestic servants are content to work long hours uncomplainingly, turning their hand to anything and making no trouble over children in the family. On the other hand they are much oftener treated as one of the family than with us.

There is certainly less of our own particular brand of snobbery abroad. Just as there is less compulsion to keep up appearances, and less temptation to spend beyond one's means.

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If, at first, you feel disposed to discuss your wishes in the privacy and comfort of your home, you ha e only to send word to your nearest branch for a Personal Service man like myself to call.

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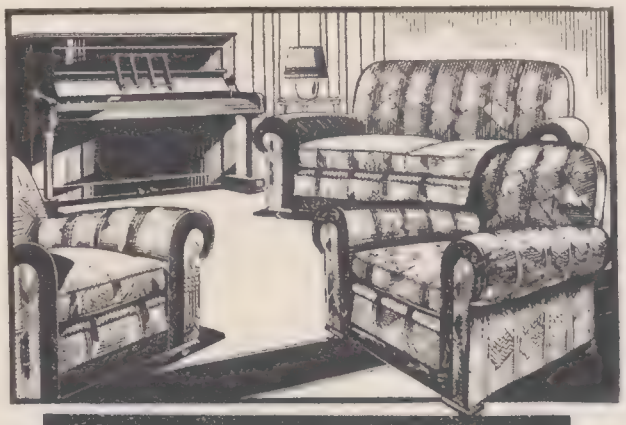

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Exeter - - - 104 Fore Street
Hanwell 129 Uxbridge Road, W.7
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Glasgow - 19/25 Sauchiehall Street
Glasgow 148/152 West Nile St., C.2
Gloucester - - 99 Northgate Street
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Hull - - 85/87 Wright Street
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Leeds - - - 6 Lower Briggate
Leeds - - - 85 New Briggate
Leicester - - - 5 Haymarket
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Hands that soothe

NURSE! your hands *must* be soft, though much of your work makes them rough and red. But not if you use Snowfire Glycerine Jelly after every time your hands are in water. It smooths away roughness at once—makes your hands soft to soothe away pain. Use it from to-day.

TUBES & JARS **6d.** *Sample size tubes 3d.*

★ *Let ANNE ARLEN advise you on all beauty matters. Write her at 71, Sunnydale Works, Derby, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

Snowfire

GLYCERINE **JELLY**

INSTANTLY ABSORBED

These Ideas Rob *the* Machine *of* PERIL

A giant power press which is fool-proof, even suicide-proof. Above: the operator must put his hands through the guard of parallel bars to place material in the press. Right: the least delay in withdrawing the hands—and the machine takes charge, flinging his hands clear.

Below: some paints are poisonous so the sprayer must not inhale their fumes. A powerful draught is blowing past this girl and through the slit in the wall beyond, carrying all fumes away.

by J. Murray Smith

IF you were to study the figures which are published from time to time, giving the number of accidents in factories and on building work, and plot them on a graph, you would supply yourself with a grucsome but strangely accurate trade barometer.

The prosperity of a country, especially an industrial country, depends largely upon the willingness of its work-people to endure constant danger. When trade is good the fact is reflected in the numbers of men and women who are sacrificed to the machine. Almost all machinery, from simple domestic apparatus to giant power plant, is dangerous in one way or another. The extent to which it inflicts injury depends upon the intelligence with which it is handled.

Unfortunately, our resistance to danger is a curious quality that soon loses its keenness. So frequently does familiarity with deadly things lead to a contempt for danger in factories that it is often necessary for the employer to introduce safety fitments for his own protection!

A simple example is to be seen in almost any big laundry, which generally uses hydro-extractors. These are nothing but large metal cages, like kitchen coppers, which are pierced with holes and made to rotate at great speed. Wet clothes are placed in the cages, which are then set turning so that most of the moisture is thrown out through the holes.

The fact of the cages rotating so fast, though, is likely to cause the garments to "ride" over on to the edges, and the impulse of a woman worker is to push them back with her hand. Instead, her hand is trapped by the mass of wet material—turning at about 1,500 revolutions a minute—and she is either drawn right into the cage or suffers the loss of an arm.

That is a very common type of accident, and yet the one most easily avoided. All such machines can be fitted with an inexpensive metal cover which is locked in position by an arm that also connects with the power drive. The cage *must* be closed before the power can be turned on, or the power *must* be turned off before the cage can be opened.

The wise employer protects himself by protecting the worker; he knows that a woman who lost an arm in one of these machines could recover in compensation ten times what it would have cost to make the accident impossible.

A tremendous amount of thought has been devoted to the problems of dangerous machinery; and some of the means adopted to protect the operator are triumphs of ingenuity. Some of them are constructed so as to give a man a good jolt if he endangers himself by becoming careless.

Power presses have deprived thousands of men of fingers and hands. They operate swiftly, with irresistible force and the difference between safety and danger can scarcely be measured in fractions of seconds.

There is, however, a device which can be fitted to a power press which brushes the operator's hand away in the nick of time. An arm passes under the descending press, clearing the way for it; and it is so arranged that the downward motion of the press follows the sideways motion of the arm instantly, without allowing time for anyone to slip a finger in deliberately.

Some presses, though, move so fast that the safety device has to travel fast, too. Then, if it pushed the workman's hand clear of the press at such speed it would probably break his arm. Instead, a mere touch of the travelling-arm against anything in its path is sufficient to stop the press dead, in mid air.

There are other ideas even more ingenious. One of them—it increases the cost of the whole machine only about two per cent—is geared to the power drive in such a way that if you leave a hand negligently in line for sudden amputation it is pushed firmly away. But if you try to resist it—as might happen if a man fell against the mechanism—then you are forced bodily away and the machine stops.

He can thrust a hand safely into the mangling coils of the cotton-thrasher, because they cannot revolve until a lid over them has been shut and locked.

Many accidents in factories are due to the worker's enthusiasm, or the fact that he is keen on the job. So he attempts to make a last-moment adjustment while the machine is running, often with fatal results.

Take those great steam presses which are used in clothing factories. A garment is laid out ready for pressing and then, when the hot press is about to descend the operator tries to adjust a fold more exactly. The press only takes half a second to swoop down, and you cannot do much in half a second.

The "cure" is for the press to have *two* operating buttons, about two feet

A DOCTOR TELLS

In a new book about the Human Body, a medical man unlocks a treasure house of uncommon knowledge—vital to all, but hitherto inaccessible to the "man in the street." His lively narrative style and his flair for presenting *unusual facts* in an easy-to-visualise way enable him to describe dramatically *every feature and function of every human organ.*

"KNOW THY BODY"

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By "MEDICUS." (3rd Edition.) **3/10** *post paid.* Absorbing—Revealing—Practical. An ex-Cabinet Minister, in recommending this amazing book to you, says, "If you really want to sit up and take notice read 'Know Thy Body,' by a brilliant doctor of the modern school—you will not only be surprised but amazed at the wonder within us." This remarkable book gives a new and vivid understanding of the innermost secret, of your make-up, an understanding bound to set you on the path to better health. Every man and woman must read this book.

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By J. Louis Orton 5/4
In this popular book the Author explains exactly what Personality is and how it achieves its ends. Personality *can* be cultivated and, once achieved, rapidly changes one's aspect on life.

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES 3/9
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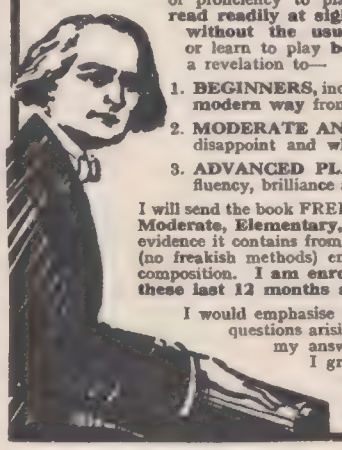

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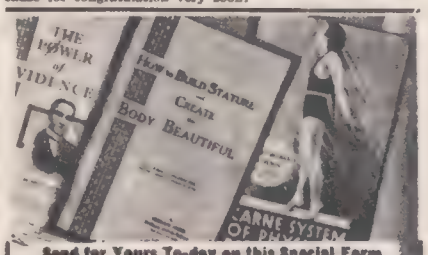

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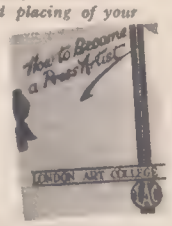

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Continuing
These Ideas

Rob the Machine of Peril

apart, so that both hands are needed *outside*. What's more, those buttons are carefully recessed, so that there is no likelihood of their being pressed in except with the thumb of each hand.

Some safety devices are extraordinarily simple and can be fitted at a cost of pennies. For machines operated by a foot-pedal—which might be depressed by accident—there is a simple catch consisting of a short length of metal strip that is heavier at one end than the other.

It is attached to the pedal by a screw so that it can swing freely—and the heavier end rests on the floor unless the lighter end, sticking up, is deliberately pushed forward. While it is on the floor, of course, the pedal cannot be pressed down.

Then there is the "bolt" principle, which locks together two essential parts which must move separately when the whole machine is in operation. It is to be found on that part of cotton spinning machinery known as the "Scutcher," a mechanical device for beating matted cotton and reducing it to small tufts. The cotton is fed into a kind of metal box through rollers, and there a heavy metal arm revolving at high speed, beats it to pieces. Now that powerful steel arm flies by the edge of the box fifteen times a second, and a hand placed negligently on that edge would be shorn of its fingers instantly.

Quite clearly the edge of the box must be enclosed—but what is to prevent the cover being lifted while the machine is running?

That is where the bolt or interlocking bar, comes in. Around the main driving shaft there is a flywheel, and this is pierced by holes at regular intervals. The sliding bar, fitted on a level with the shaft will slide into any of those holes, but only when the flywheel is perfectly still.

The flywheel cannot turn while the bolt is engaged in one of the holes, because it is powerfully secured for the purpose of preventing that very thing, and when the bolt is withdrawn it goes the opposite way through another hole—and locks the lid on to the amputation department.

There must be hundreds of men in different parts of Lancashire who might have had reason to bless the man who thought of that simple idea.

Of course, the principle is applied to all kinds of machinery where lethal operations take place in confined spaces. Most big cake and biscuit factories use it on their mixing machines.

Machines take on added terror for the worker when they involve the use not only of great pressures but high temperatures as well. There is, for instance, the rubber-incorporating machine which crushes raw rubber with the aid of great heat.

The rubber is fed to the rollers from a smooth metal surface, and nothing is easier than for the operator to become careless of risk. The machine is often fitted, therefore, with a clutch which works in the opposite way to that of a car. It must be depressed all the time, and the effect of releasing it is not only to shut off the power but to apply a powerful brake as well. From 80 revolutions a minute the great rollers can be stopped as abruptly as a car stops when it hits a wall.

Moreover, the entire clutch mechanism is duplicated *over* the machine, so that the same effect can be produced by striking a bar with the hand or head.

Of course, there are other dangers in factories than the danger of being trapped or crushed. One of the gravest is connected with cellulose spraying, for the fumes given off by the paint are highly toxic.

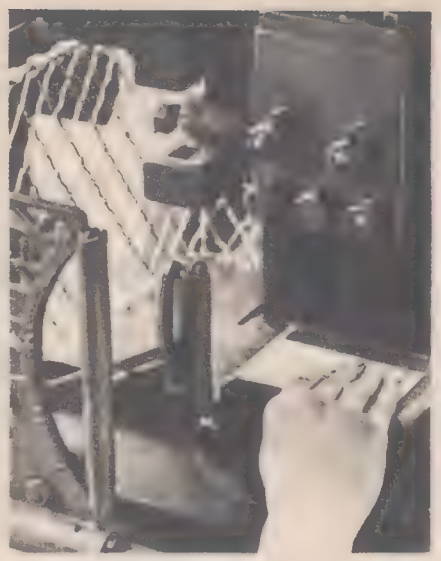
This danger is overcome by a system of fans which blow fresh air into a cubicle from one side and draw the contaminated air out from the other. The workman stands with his back to the fresh air, so that the "splash spray" is both blown and drawn away from him.

Grit and dust are other causes of risk both to the eyes and the lungs. Several industrial diseases are directly due to the inhalation of fine particles of wood, stone or metal. Besides, all kinds of dust floating in the air provide the means of a tremendous explosion.

Many working men have suffered severe injury from grinding wheels that have thrown off a particle of stone with sufficient force to penetrate the eye. The modern idea is to work grinding machinery while watching through a heavy plate of unbreakable glass.

Grinding on a big scale, as in foundries, where the sand has to be removed from castings, is done in a revolving cage called a "Rumbler" which is enclosed in a wooden box. A fine sand-storm in miniature is caused inside the cage, but it gets no farther than the cover-box, whence it is sucked into the outer air.

Woodworking machinery causes any number of accidents in the course of a year. Many of them could be avoided if all the safety devices were made compulsory.



Another safety device for a down-darting press. Above: in goes the hand. Below: if it lingers it is flung sideways instead of being crushed.

Consider the circular saw, that device so terrifying to most people even that it is made the villain of animated film cartoons. Every woodworking factory has an unhappy record of accidents with a circular, and sometimes two or three men in one shop have lost fingers at different times.

Generally the mistake is made when a long length of wood is being cut towards the end. The man pushes to speed up the work, the last few inches goes through quickly and his hand follows suit. There is a quite simple device, though, called a "Pusher" which is fastened to the bench. A handle is turned which brings a small metal bar into position behind the wood being cut, and this serves to force it against the saw.

Slippery floors add to the danger of a man falling into machinery, or throwing a hand against some cutting edge in an effort to save himself. Yet there are various kinds of flooring material which are sold quite cheaply upon which it is quite impossible to slip. Some are made of special compositions—such as carborundum dust and glue—and others are special stone or metal.

It would be possible to go on for a long time detailing the precautions which may be used to render factories safe. Some of them are incredibly cheap and simple, and yet for lack of them lives have been lost.

There is a department of the Home Office where you may see a gruesome exhibit. It consists of a length of steel shafting around which is wound tightly all the clothing of a dead workman. It looks like a great spool of waste rags, but you can distinguish pieces of shirting inextricably mixed with braces, overalls and other garments.

This man, who had all his clothes torn off, while he was whirled round and round, mangled to death and finally hurled thirty feet to the ground, was a millwright. He had climbed a ladder to oil some bearings and had his jacket caught around the shafting.

Now it is almost impossible for most people to realise that the smoothest, most highly polished surface, if turning fast enough, will grip with the strength of a vice. Place a solid object, such as a spanner, against a turning shaft and nothing will happen, because there is nothing for the shaft to grip. Then allow a length of cloth to dangle against the shafting and it will be torn out of your hand, whirled tighter and tighter round, and you will have difficulty in disengaging it even when the shafting is still.

Because of this peril to men whose clothing, despite every care, may be caught in shafting, there is a simple precaution—cardboard tubular lengths, which are slipped over the shaft and closed around with adhesive tape. The shaft turns freely inside, but the outer cover remains almost still. Cost—sixpence a yard!

Building operations account for a great number of industrial accidents, because only too often in this work when a man makes a mistake it involves a considerable fall. There are improvements in scaffolding and ladders which are gradually being adopted which rule out three quarters of the risk.

The old idea of a single line of scaffold poles, with cross-members fastened into the brickwork of a building is sometimes known to fail. Ladders slip, "Boatswain's Chairs" spill tools upon people below.

All these dangers can be completely guarded against, yet still men are killed and injured for lack of proper precautions.

Generally it is argued that the cost of all the safety devices which have been devised increase the original cost of machinery by too heavy a margin. Some precautions are compulsory, of course, and factory inspectors see that they are installed and working properly. Others are left to the good sense and humanity of the employer—and the result is seen in figures like those available for 1934: 785 people killed, 136,073 injured.

New Mickey Mouse Thrill

All the world loves and laughs at Mickey Mouse and all his quaint companions. And now Mickey is to be honoured by the biggest "Press" ever enjoyed by any screen favourite. He is to have a whole paper of his very own!

On Friday, February 7, *Mickey Mouse Weekly* will be born.

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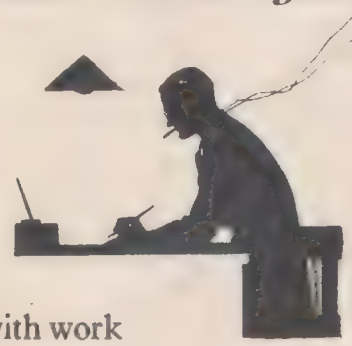

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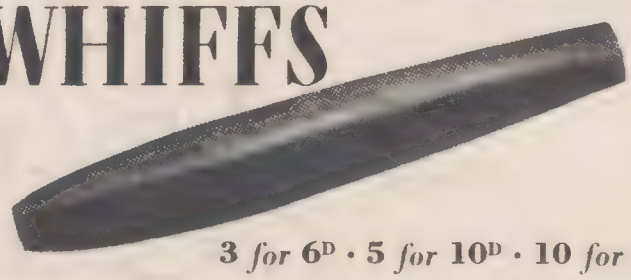

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they will smash a cold or 'flu attack in one night

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Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

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H.M.S. Danae,
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Dear Sir,—It's a great pleasure to me to write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from your tablets. Many a time I have felt a bad cold coming on, but after taking a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets it suddenly disappears and I feel O.K. again. I think it is the finest medicine ever made, not only for colds but many other things. I remain,
Gratefully yours, F. J. WARNE.

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Dear Sirs,—I am writing to tell you what 'ASPRO' did for me. I never had a wink of sleep for a full fortnight. I was just about mad with pain in my head and my throat was terribly sore. I did not know where to put myself.

I got my husband to get me a packet of 'ASPRO' and this is the positive truth. After I had taken them I got a good night's sleep and felt almost better next morning. I had always had great faith in 'ASPRO' and always will.

Believe me, this is quite true—every word.
Yours truly, T. McVEY (Mrs.).

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TRUE LIFE STORIES

Outside

THERE are plenty of people who say that the gambling spirit, if one gives way to it, inevitably leads to ruin. They may be right, and I won't argue the point. I must, however, admit that it once came near not only to landing me in a ghastly mess, but even tempted me to risk other people's money in an attempt to straighten things up.

At the time I was manager of a small barber's shop not far from King's Cross. Barbers' shops are noted centres for discussions on racing tips, and some are actually collecting-places for betting-slips, with those in the know.

Nothing of that last nature was allowed in the shop I was then managing, however, the proprietor being something of an anti-racing man Had he guessed that I backed horses with the freedom I was doing, he might even have sacked me. I never told him, because—apart from that—I was fully entitled to his confidence and trust, knowing my job and running the place properly.

At the time of which I am writing a spell of bad luck had put me in an awkward position. I had always backed over the 'phone, of which we had one for public use in a booth on the premises. But I owed my bookmaker so much that he was threatening me with proceedings, a matter likely to land me in trouble with my boss if he came to hear of it. Also, in trying to make good my loss in cash bets with a local bookmaker, I had spent up, so that I was in debt at my lodgings and elsewhere.

My only excuse, when I questioned my own wisdom, was that I was single, without any responsibilities except to myself. And, of course, my landlady. I troubled a lot about her, because she was a good soul. It was really with my landlady most in mind that, one Thursday morning, when a customer in the racing line gave me what he declared was a wonderful tip for that day at Alexandra Park, I made up my mind to take risks in order to cover the tip.

Money of my own, I had none. It was, however, early-closing day, and there happened to be plenty of money in the shop-till, which would remain there in my charge till the next day, the proprietor leaving me sometimes a whole week without bothering me over accounts. The more I thought about that till-money, the more I saw it going with me to Alexandra Park and being used to back that "dead cert."

The horse, called The Quest, wasn't mentioned anywhere in the racing editions, except in the list of probables, and was included among the starting prices as 100-7. However, my informant had more than once given me a profitable prophecy, being in the swim, and he had whispered this horse's name to me as a positive gift, for which to-morrow I ought to be thanking him.

"You can put your shirt on it," he said.

Since ready-money was required, a shirt being of no gambling value, I decided that—without his knowledge—my employer's money should help me straighten things out for myself. When the other assistants had gone, and I was ready to close the shop, I made up my mind to chance the three pound notes I knew to be in the till.

I was on the point of ringing this open on a "no sale," when the telephone in the public-box began to clang violently in the corner behind me. It flashed into my mind that perhaps it might be my employer himself calling me, as sometimes he did. My heart died within me in case he wanted a cash-up right away, which also occasionally happened.

However, to my relief, the voice over the wire was that of a Jewish customer of ours, a very nice little man, who had a business in furs not far from the shop. I didn't know anything about his affairs, but guessed he was quite prosperous. He was a good customer, anyhow, said I was the only barber to give him a comfortable shave. He often rang over from his office to make sure I was not too busy to attend him if he came along.

This time he had other business. He had a foreign way of talking, and was not easy to understand on the 'phone, but I gathered he was apologising for troubling me. It appeared that he was speaking from outlying London, and had been trying in vain to ring his own office.

"Something must be wrong with the exchange!" he said to me in his excited way. "I don't know what it is, but they can't get me my own number, so I ring up you, my friend. It's early closing with you, isn't it?"

"You've only just caught me in the nick of time," I told him. "Another couple of minutes, and I'd have been off."

"Splendid that I catch you!" he laughed. "Look. You don't mind doing some little thing for me?"

I told him I'd do anything at all in my power, wondering what he wanted. It was little enough. Would I go round to his place of business for him and take a message to his girl-typist there? He only wanted her to know that he was delayed, and might not get back to the office, so, if she found nothing much was doing there, she could close up and go home.

"She's a good girl," he said to me, "and she'll appreciate an afternoon off, better than sitting there for nothing all by herself. If you do not mind being also so good yourself, and doing me this great favour——"

Naturally, I was only too pleased, so I got from him the address of his business and told him to depend on his girl getting the message. He was a bit of a racing enthusiast too, as I knew from our talks while I shaved him, so I laughingly mentioned that I was off to Alexandra Park, and incidentally gave him the same tip there as had been passed to me.

"Perhaps I shall have a little flutter myself also!" he said as he rang off.

Well, I went back to the open till and those three pound notes, which didn't

The girl flung out a warning cry to me. But I had already seen something in the man's hand.

Chance

belong to me, but stood between me and a bunch of trouble. I remember now how, when I fingered them, I had a terrific struggle with my conscience, or perhaps it was my conscience fighting my circumstances. For it was the first time I had ever contemplated doing anything of this sort.

However, my circumstances got the better of my conscience, and the three notes were in my pocket when I closed the till and left the shop, carefully locked up. There was, I knew, always the chance that my employer might enter the shop himself in my absence and go to the till, to find it empty except for small change. But I had to take the chance.

It was about a quarter past one when I left the shop, so I was in plenty of time to reach Alexandra Park and put the money on that dazzling outside chance in the three o'clock race. Meanwhile, I set out for my Jewish customer's premises, which were hidden away on one side of a sort of yard.

There was a small motor-van drawn up outside them, and a man was opening the back of it as I came along. In fact, it was he who assured me that I had found the right place. I walked in through an open door with a passage leading to a large room, where I could see quite a lot of furs, hanging or in course of being packed.

To the right, there were offices, with glass panes half-way down. In one of them, the door of which was open, I could see a girl sitting at a type-writer, facing me. She was, I noticed, a very pretty girl, a brunette with large, rather frightened-looking brown eyes, which were staring at me.

As a matter of fact, she seemed so startled at seeing me that I apologised if I had taken her too much by surprise. I explained who I was, how her boss couldn't get through to her direct, because the 'phone seemed out of order, and gave her the message about shutting shop and going home. She didn't answer at first, just looking scared, which I thought strange in a girl after getting an unexpected afternoon off.

Then, following an agitated glance towards a part of the office I couldn't see, she said :

"Thanks awfully. It's kind of you to go to so much trouble. But I'm afraid I've a big job on here before I can think of going home."

She began rattling the keys of her typewriter at a furious rate, just as if I wasn't there. It didn't seem polite of her, I thought, but supposed that was just her manner, a hint to me to make myself scarce—and thank you very much.

Perhaps I might have taken that tip, turned about and gone straight on out into the street again. Only, as I moved slowly back to the big room, listening to the clicking of her typewriter, something queer struck my mind and started me thinking. The way that clicking went, I mean.

For a second or two it would go smoothly; then there would be three quick clicks, followed by three with a pause between them, and then three quick ones. That happened several times, and, to a man who'd done signalling in the Territorials and knew the Morse code—S O S—it wasn't a wasted effort. I knew something was wrong.

As I came to this conclusion, I looked back at the office. And through one of the window panes I saw a man peering out after me. Now my Jewish customer had told me that his office-girl was alone, and that's why he was sending her home. Well, she wasn't alone and quite clearly her companion was not to her liking.

I swung round, passing inside that office this time, once again quite unexpectedly. The girl flung out a warning cry to me. But I had already seen something in the man's right hand, and closed quickly with him. He hadn't even my slight knowledge of ju-jitsu, though he was tough. I caught a glimpse of the girl flashing by us out of the office.

A moment afterwards, the other man, whom I had seen at the car, was on top of me, and must have knocked me dizzy, for the next thing I knew, the girl was bringing me round with cold water. There was a police-sergeant as well. I found out afterwards that the girl had managed to meet a constable when she ran out, giving the alarm.

The two men, knowing the owner of the business to be away, had planned what they had meant to be a lightning raid, the one holding up the girl, while the other was to load up their van with furs. Only, my chance arrival took them by surprise. The girl, unable to warn me by word of mouth for fear of the man with the gun hidden in the office, hoped against hope her typewriter call for help might possibly sink home, as it had done, though she had not expected me to tackle the situation as I did, but go first for the police.

What with attending the police-station to give evidence against the two thugs, and afterwards discussing matters with the girl, whom I found as nice and pally as she was pretty, Alexandra Park did not see me that afternoon. Imagine my feelings when the evening papers told me The Quest had won by a length and a half—and at 100-7 !

However, I never regretted putting back my employer's three pound notes into the till next morning. Later on my little furrier friend looked in. I'd not only saved him a big loss in furs, but tipped him a winner as well. So he did quite a lot for me, straightening things out and then leaving me nicely in pocket.

But I've lost the gambling spirit since. You can't keep a wife and a bookmaker as well, can you ?

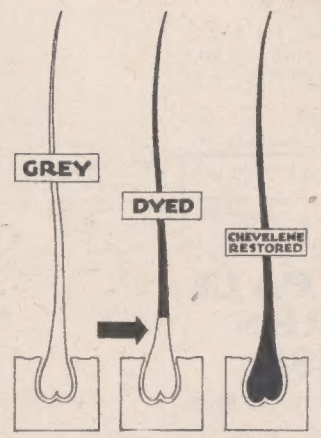
Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form ; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

VICTORY Over GREYNESS

100,000 Men & Women to Look 10 to 20 Years Younger by New Dyeless Natural Colour Discovery

To-day another 100,000 Grey Haired persons have the opportunity of getting rid of their Greyness, and thus looking 10 to 20 years younger.

Thousands in all parts of the British Isles have already banished their greyness with the amazing new Continental discovery of "Chevelene." Their tributes of appreciation of this remarkable dyeless hair-colour restorative are received daily in endless and ever-increasing numbers.



A 20th CENTURY BOON for MILLIONS

The " Chevelene " treatment restores each user's lost colour in the exact shade of his or her original brown, auburn or blonde. The restored colour is INSIDE EACH HAIR. IT IS FAST.

Furthermore, the restored colour is NATURAL. It cannot be detected from Nature's own colouring in the strongest sun or artificial light. Thus the most fastidious—who have never " taken to " artificial hair-dyes—can have no more objection to the use of " Chevelene " than to the use of glasses for weak sight or to artificial teeth in place of lost natural teeth.

PROLONGS YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE FOR YEARS

Years of restored and prolonged youthful appearance are now within the reach of (1) those already Grey, and (2) others whom Greyness threatens to age prematurely.

No fancy price is asked for the now fully tested and proved benefits of the " Chevelene " treatment. The object of the proprietors is to place it within the reach of all—especially of those to whom Greyness proves so costly a personal handicap in life.

So remarkable are the justified claims for " Chevelene " that the proprietors have wisely decided to give one and all the opportunity of testing it, and thus seeing and judging its results for themselves on the fair-and-square understanding that

IT MUST BANISH YOUR GREYNESS OR NO COST TO YOU

Thus there is not the slightest risk of a penny loss to the user. He or she *must* be pleased—or pay nothing. If entirely successful the cost is trifling for the boon of banishing Greyness and looking 10 to 20 years younger.

After the first successful trial treatment the user can keep Greyness away for the rest of life by the occasional use of " Chevelene "—at a trivial cost.

A point to be noticed is that the " Chevelene " treatment does not bring about a noticeably sudden change from Greyness or Whiteness. It is gradual.

WHAT USERS WRITE

" Worked wonders on my hair."—TORQUAY.
" Really does what the makers say it will."—GREENFORD.
" Your apparently extravagant claims for ' Chevelene ' have been more than justified."—EPSOM.
" Extraordinary success has attended the use of your ' Chevelene.' "—NORWICH.
" Completely restored my grey hair to its youthful bloom."—M. D.
" Really wonderful . . brings back the hair to its natural colour "—BOURNEMOUTH
" Completely brought about the restoration of the natural colour "—DUKINFIELD.
The above are typical of many such letters.

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

The small cost of " Chevelene " will prove the best of all investments for every grey-haired person. Why look 10 to 20 years older than you need? Look young, and you will feel younger.

READ THIS REMARKABLE TESTIMONY

"I LOOK 15 YEARS YOUNGER"

Mrs. M. D., Surrey, writes on Nov. 4th, 1935 :—

" I am 52 years of age and my hair has been very grey for years. I also suffered severely from dandruff. Your wonderful ' Chevelene ' treatment has removed the dandruff and fully restored my hair to its youthful colour. I look 15 years younger. I am strongly recommending your treatment to all my friends."

Write today (a postcard will do) for the " Chevelene " illustrated booklet, which gives full particulars of this valuable discovery. It will be sent you by return post under sealed cover in plain wrapper.

CREBELS LTD., Dept. P.S.3, Kingston, Surrey

BE A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST

There is Joy and Profit in Creative Art

WOULD you like to be able to draw—to sketch—to paint?

The ability to draw is a more common gift than is generally supposed. Many possess it, but only a few have acquired that training and technique which is essential to success.

By the JOHN HASSALL WAY you can learn to draw in your leisure hours at home through the post, easily and without hindrance to your present occupation.

Send to-day for a presentation copy of the handsome illustrated brochure which tells in detail all about the JOHN HASSALL WAY, what it is, what it has done, and what it can do for you. Fill in and post the coupon NOW.

COUPON—*POST NOW !*

Please send me—without charge or obligation—a copy of the Illustrated Brochure " The John Hassall Way."
H1/7.
NAME.....
(In Capitals)
ADDRESS .....
Passing Show, ...
Feb. 1, 1936. Age (if under 21).....

THE JOHN HASSALL CORRESPONDENCE ART SCHOOL
Dept. H1/7, ST. ALBANS

Used by a Champion !

NOT A TOY ! Size 4 ft. by 2 ft., it is scientifically made and accurately proportioned. Fitted with adjustable feet, easy to lift and simple to level.

Mr. Sidney Lee says :—" I find the angles absolutely correct and the cushions give the same effect as a table costing three times the price."

Give yourself a "break" and secure one of these Billiards Table Tops immediately.

Carr. 1/3, outside London area.

THOMAS WALLIS & CO., LTD.,
HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.1.
'Phone Central 4040

Complete with CUE and set of composition BALLS

STOMACH PAIN IS NATURE'S WIRELESS

Don't Wait for the S.O.S.

Nature has many ways of warning the sufferer from stomach trouble that all is not well. Heaviness or dullness after eating. distension of the stomach, flatulence ("wind"), heartburn—these are warning symptoms not to be ignored.

In many cases, even the majority, no serious consequence will ensue provided action is taken at once to get rid of the cause. Mostly this is acidity which eats into the stomach walls until it is corrected. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder neutralises acidity from the first dose. It has cured thousands of a stomach condition that was fraught with really serious danger—the dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcer.

Never dilly-dally with stomach trouble. Treat yourself immediately with the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, which has brought lasting relief to thousands. Powder or tablets, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-. Never sold loose.

NAIL BITING

stop it!

Your Nails are the Index to your Character.

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK ! Amazing Discovery, Which Transforms Bitten, Disfigured Nails into Glorious Filberts in 7 Days ! Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can quickly, secretly, and permanently cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes : *"Your treatment has completely cured me after being addicted for 20 years."*

Write for the free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.S.),
31 Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8

if only we'd taken JOHN BELL BRAND COLD CURE CAPSULES!

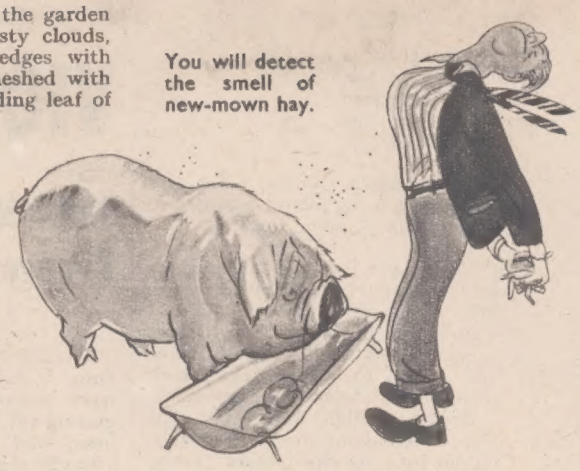
Then this pop-eyed, end-of-all-things feeling wouldn't have happened! Taken in time, colds simply vanish when you swallow a few of these Capsules—reliable, guaranteed, pure. From Chemists, conveniently packed in flat tin,

1/3, or direct, POST FREE

BE READY—KEEP A TIN IN THE HOUSE

JOHN BELL, HILLS & LUCAS, LTD.
Dept. 13, Oxford Works : TOWER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON. *Manufacturing Chemists since 1798.*

THE SUN COMES UP over the garden fence in a swim of misty clouds, touching their jagged edges with watery fire. The lawns are meshed with silver threads and each unfolding leaf of the jonquils hides a dewy pearl, but the breath of spring clings closest to the yew trees, blurring their outlines in a silver mist. Spring is on the way. Down by the cucumber frames Old Man Mole has blundered in from the paddock, leaving a zig-zag trail under the turf, humped but not quite broken, by his burrowing. The Gentleman in the Velvet Coat is always first with his spring cleaning. Under the rain spout a house-sparrow chirps sleepily, greeting the new day. He ruffles his feathers and gives fuller greeting, awake now and ready for the morning's food. A wisp of blue smoke clings to the chimney pot, then trails lazily westwards on the wind. The kitchens are astir. Spring is on the way.



You will detect the smell of new-mown hay.

You're Telling Us !

AND SO IS WHAT Miss Audrey Mason, of Lichfield, Staffs, has to say about blue eyes and blond hair. "I have been reading the report of an Austrian society of professors and medical men," she states. "It is published each year and contains papers reporting progress made in various scientific fields. My mother is Austrian and I was brought up in Vienna, where they used to tell us that brown eyes were loving and kind, yet unfaithful; while blue eyes were selfish and cruel, yet true. It is an Austrian proverb, and every child in Vienna, anyway, believes it to be true. At one of the universities they have (it seems) been collecting figures and facts about human beings and their physical characteristics measured up against their mental characteristics. I thought that the results are astonishing enough to interest readers of your page.

TAKING THE CONVICTED offenders, this paper states that 74 per cent. of the crimes of passion or impulse are committed by people with dark eyes, while

SERVICE on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

84 per cent. of the deliberate crimes, and crimes of second, or more, offence, are committed by criminals with blue or grey eyes. This upsets the proverb, does it not? The hardened criminal generally has blue or grey eyes. Among leaders of thought and action, 68 per cent. are blue- (or grey-) eyed. In the creative world the brown eyes predominate, according to this survey, by 72 per cent., which goes to show that the old saying is right in so far as sensitiveness and emotions go. Dark-eyed folk make the poets and musicians. People with small heads are rarely to be found as leaders; the big, square heads are the masters, and the same applies, so it seems, to hands and feet. Men and women of action are supposed to be heavy-footed and heavy-handed, while persons of delicate extremities are to be found more in the professions, where (this is my comment) planning and brains would count.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN very interested in this subject, and my own experience over many years is this : Blue-eyed men and women are seldom to be trusted. They know how to look after themselves and are rarely to be caught in an unselfish action. Brown-eyed persons are more reliable, but likely to go to extremes. They go to make the biggest failures in life and also the greatest successes. Natural blond hair is a real danger signal. When in trouble, I would never trust anyone with real blond hair, for it is the mark of one who does not concern himself with the troubles of others. On the other hand, I would always trust a blond man to give a square deal in trying circumstances; he will stick to his bargain until the job is done, as undertaken. Brown eyes are full of promises, but difficulties tend to crumple them up. I have never yet met a red-headed person who has distinguished himself in any way."

LISTEN to Mr. Andrew Hill, of Stockport. "Have you ever observed," he asks us, "how different types of men and women really represent different *kinds* of human beings? I mean, different in the way that leopards differ from lions, though each of the cat family. Some persons have no sense of smell, while others trust to their noses more than to their eyes. To my way of thinking, this proves that the 'smellers' evolved from a type of human being quite different from that which has led to the 'see-ers' of the present day.

THINK IT OUT, for a moment, by running over your own senses. Which is your best sense? I know I am a 'smeller.' My sight is weak, and though my hearing is good I have a nose that detects scents others never get. What is your favourite smell? This is a test question. By your answer you will be typed as a 'smeller,' or not. Artificial scents make no appeal to those gifted with a keen sense of smell. What appeals to us 'smellers' are such things as the smell of newly turned earth, tomato leaves, wood smoke in the distance, the lovely scent of a baby's hair (which, incidentally, is exactly the natural smell of a pig—and if you do not believe this, smell a clean pig in the open on a hot summer's day, and you will detect the smell of new-mown hay).

I HAVE NOT an 'ear for music.' This is said to be one of the most precious of human gifts. I doubt it, myself. Why, all my memories are tied up with smells, and it is like reading a history book of my own past to go through life smelling smells anew. I can always cure a fit of the blues by the smell of new leather, and there is a smell about springtime that makes me young once more every year. If I had the choice of retaining *only one* of all my senses, I would choose my sense of smell. Which would you choose?"

SIGHT. BESIDES, we *still* don't believe it about that pig.

THE WHISTLE OF FATE

A boy on a bicycle saw a woman step off the pavement into a lorry and its trailer. She was killed. The lorry driver, unaware of the tragedy, did not pull up. The boy at once saw his duty. He cycled rapidly ahead and whistled to the driver to stop.

The victim was Mrs. Ettie Harrison, of 8 Kenmore Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, and she was a registered reader of "The Passing Show."

Under the Street Accident Section of "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, a cheque for £50 has accordingly been sent to the late Mrs. Harrison's husband.

It is the duty of every man and woman, especially those with family responsibilities, to take advantage of any possible means of security in time of trouble. "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift provides, in no fewer than 37 generous Benefits, ranging as high as £2,000, protection for you and your dependents every day, *every hour*, of the year.

This Security Gift safeguards you and your family while travelling by rail, road, sea or air, while in the street, during recreation, in the home, and while boating and bathing.

If you have not yet made sure of this security for you and yours, do so now. Turn to the opposite page and fill up the forms for our Free Family Insurance Gift immediately.

Words After the Letters

CLUES DOWN

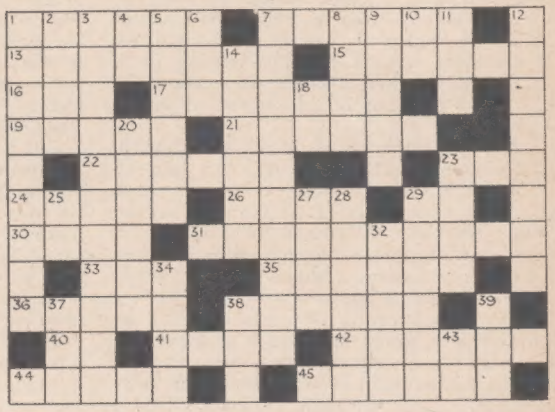
1. Grins anew (anagram).
2. We are all hiding attrition.
3. Spirits. Not potable.
4. Put out of action.
5. Bites in the metal.
6. Here's a river reduced to nothing.
7. Behaving indecorously with latest fashions.
8. Sever the arm of an octopus for this.
9. Go in 8 or 12 and you will do this.
10. 40 in reverse.
11. Heaven help us when we receive that which is this to us.
12. Sells scents, pills and potions, poisons, drugs and lotions.
14. To achieve without harm.
18. 26 bisected.
20. No rest for the singers.
23. Tars' shipmates, perhaps.
25. 38 minus its tail.
27. Scale a topmost peak for such eminence (hidden).
28. i.e. lens for old age.
29. Tortoise and hare are examples in fable.
32. M or N I maybe.
34. To see at a distance
37. Source of metal becomes prolific.
38. The sting of 17.
39. A Northumbrian stream.
43. A small performance.

D	E	N	U	D	A	T	I	O	N	■	P	U	T
E	L	E	V	A	T	E	■	S	P	A	R	E	■
S	L	E	U	T	H	S	■	A	S	P	E	R	S
E	■	L	E	E	T	■	C	A	R	E	A	■	■
I	O	T	A	■	N	A	S	C	E	N	T	■	A
T	R	Y	■	O	S	M	I	U	M	■	I	F	■
U	■	P	E	N	■	E	N	S	I	G	N	■	M
S	T	A	I	L	■	A	N	G	E	R	■	E	M	I	T
E	N	C	O	U	N	T	E	R	■	A	N	I	S	E	■
■	T	A	P	E	■	■	O	S	T	L	E	R	■	■	■
D	E	L	E	G	A	T	I	O	N	S	■	E	R	E	■

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

CLUES ACROSS

1. John Peel's horn could do this for the dead.
7. There's a half a score in that which is proposed.
13. Finding jobs for his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts.
15. One hug is sufficient.
16. Liquid is the wood.
17. A calm insect becomes uproarious.
19. A good deal of warmth in such fury, but not all of it.
21. Fret so to take care.
22. Pursued an erratic course.
23. Served in the navy.
24. Airs in these though it be wet.
26. Drinks in the meadows.
29. Artist presumably.
30. Not I, at least, not without a turn.
31. Orderly arranged.
33. Synonymous with 19.
35. May be obtained at 12 and other places.
36. Quadruple the number here.
38. Leap in for the mountains
40. Middle out of 41.
41. From Shetland perhaps.
42. In baronial style.
44. Partly a trial, but trying on the whole.
45. Added age would give this individual greater prestige.



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MAXALDING
WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR POUNDS

A Soldier writes from India, after making

MAXALDING

his main scheme of training for some time:—"I enclose a photograph displaying my back, hoping it will meet with your interest. I train regularly on your system and *wouldn't miss it for pounds.*

(Signed) Ed. Watterson."

Cpl. Ed. Watterson, performing exercise "B" of Maxalding.

NERVES FOUND TO BE GOOD

A gentleman, aged 31, took up Maxalding in mid-July, 1935. At that time he wrote:—"Back-aches are frequent. There are very deep hollows under my eyes, which at times almost look like bruises. Whites of eyes are usually bloodshot. Nose sometimes bleeds very slightly. Hands not too steady—I have the nervous symptoms mentioned in the treatise, viz., excitement at meeting unexpected people, causes symptoms of fear, freezing stomach, weak knees, etc., foreboding of evil at night."

But the causes have been removed, as the following report indicates. "Oct. 26th, 1935. My muscular development has progressed well, and the breathing exercises have had a marked effect on my lungs. When being examined by a doctor about a fortnight ago, I was told that my lungs were in good order and my heart and blood-pressure just as they should be. I also feel much better in my general condition, and MY NERVES WERE TESTED AND FOUND TO BE GOOD. Chest expansion was five inches.—I have no hesitation in saying the course to date has prepared me for any amount of vigorous exercise."

INVESTIGATE MAXALDING

By Postcard, Letter, or Coupon. When Coupon is used, kindly delete the unnecessary items and post it, together with the following particulars, to Mr. Saldo: Name, Address, Age, and Occupation.

MR. A. M. SALDO (Dept. 982),
14 CURSITOR ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Send me, free of postage or liability, your 20,000-words illustrated explanatory treatise:—

NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH.

1. I suffer from and desire to be cured of Constipation, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Weak Lungs, Fatigue, Lack of Development, Rheumatism, Obesity, Susceptibility to Colds, or.....
2. I desire to secure Great Speed and Endurance.
3. I desire to secure Strength and Development.

KIDNEY AILMENTS
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

When deep, refreshing sleep should be yours, you must not keep getting up for relief. You cannot stand it. Sooner or later it will wear you down, and there is no need to let it go on. Take "**Shadforters.**" Take them to-night. Instantly their healing, soothing, cleansing work will begin. You will soon be relieved. Recommended by Medical men for **Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding, or any Liver, Kidney or Bladder Troubles.** Ask for "Shadforters," Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100).

From your nearest chemist, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, or Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd., (Dept. P.S. 81), 49 King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

IT'S SO EASY TO PLAY!

Within the past year 2,000 people have proved for themselves that the HOHNER POSTAL COURSE OF PIANO ACCORDION PLAYING teaches mastery of the instrument with ease. No knowledge of music is required and melodies are played from the very first book. The Hohner Course is the most practical and complete course ever written for any instrument. It is recommended by world-famous Band Leaders and Musicians. A complete description of the Course will be forwarded to you FREE by writing (mentioning "Passing Show") to Hohner School of Accordion Playing, 179 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Remove it for ever by Electrolysis in the privacy of your own home

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

The Vandre Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern women and so simple a child could use it. Guaranteed. Write now for Illustrated Particulars post free in plain envelope. Trial free.

VANDRE Ltd. (Dept. 91) 189 Pitt St., GLASGOW

THIS BEAUTIFUL SPANISH GUITAR FREE *OF EXTRA COST!*

YOU must have longed to be able to play the Guitar—a beautiful instrument that is daily becoming more popular. Here is your opportunity to learn the Guitar privately, in your own home, by a remarkable new method.

In order to introduce this new Simple Home Study method to every Guitar-lover we are giving, **FREE OF EXTRA COST,** a full-size, professional **SPANISH GUITAR,** made by a famous craftsman. The Guitar is sent to you complete with various accessories in a handsome case. This Guitar is convertible to the Hawaiian type by means of a simple fitting supplied to you.

It does not matter how little you may know about music. Even if you do not know one note from another you can quickly learn at home by this supremely simple and effective method. Every step is made clear by print and picture.

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